THE LIVING AGE

Editor
LEON BRYCE BLOCH
Associate Editor: LAMAR MIDDLETON
Assistant Editors: MARJORIE MCFARLAND, SYLVIA KANTOR

1-1945
10

Contents for September 1940

THE WORLD OVER 1
POST-MORTEM ON A FALLEN FRANCE ..... *Genevieve Tabouis* 6
SWISS FASCIST FRONTS 9
SPAIN DEMANDS LATIN AMERICA ..... *Lamar Middleton* 10
THE COPS WON'T LET ME TALK! ..... *George Bernard Shaw* 15
POLITICAL PARTIES CHOOSE GENERALS ..... *Luther A. Huston* 18
MEXICO STATES HER POSITION 22
CRY FOR HELP ..... *Wallace S. Dooley* 27
THE DILEMMA OF THE FASCISTS ..... *Count Carlo Sforza* 32
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
'TRAITOR' 35
OLD FRIEND OF THE AXIS ..... *Albert Miller* 38
LEFT MEETS RIGHT ..... *Kingsley Martin* 41
BRITAIN'S ACE IS THE BLOCKADE 44
ARGENTINA RECONSIDERS ..... *Roberto F. Giusti* 48
JAPAN INVADED IN ASIATIC WAR ..... *Maurice Collis* 52
THE NAZIS BURY AN OLD ALLIANCE 55
ITALY FORMIDABLE IN AIR POWER ..... *Charles G. Grey* 58
THE STITCHERS BENEATH THE STUKAS ..... *Pierre Hamp* 61
A GENERAL SURVEYS MODERN TURKEY ..... *Gen. Sir Wyndham Deeds* 63
SCUTTLING OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC ..... *Alexander Werth* 67
STRAWS IN THE WIND 72
NAZI RUINATION OF DENMARK 74
WAR IN CHINA IN NEW PHASE ..... *Tsugimaro Imanaka* 76
A 'CULTURAL' NOTE ON THE AMERICAS ..... *Manuel Antonio Valle* 82
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO 84
LETTERS AND THE ARTS ..... *Alfred Kreymborg* 86
SPEAKING OF BOOKS ..... *Leon Bryce Bloch* 89
POETS AND POETRY ..... *Eugene Jolas* 93

THE LIVING AGE does not accept responsibility for the views expressed by writers of articles appearing in its pages. The aim of the Editors is to bring to readers, for their information, representative expressions of opinion throughout the world.

THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, East Stroudsburg, Pa. Editorial and general offices, 420 Madison Avenue, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at East Stroudsburg, Pa., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The Living Age Company, Inc., New York, New York. Irvine Harvey Williams, President and Treasurer; Anne Roane, Secretary.

Subscribers are requested to send notices of changes of address three weeks before they are to take effect. Failure to send such notices will result in incorrect forwarding and delay in receipt. Old and new addresses must both be given.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Invasions of the British Isles

—*World Review*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell
In 1844

September 1940 *Volume 359, Number 4488*

The World Over

A FRENCH Supreme Court is now pondering accusations of criminal responsibility and war guilt brought by the State against former Premier Daladier, Georges Mandel, former minister of the interior, and other onetime cabinet members and collaborators. With some assurance we predict that the trials at Riom by this hand-picked court (there is no jury) will prove abortive and that, like the Leipzig trials of the German "war criminals," they will be more of a farce than a responsible study of the genesis of World War II. We also predict, while in this reckless mood of soothsaying, that Vice Premier Pierre Laval will soon be tossed out of the cabinet; he is, by the way, the chief instigator of these political trials at Riom, and it is far from impossible that they will boomerang on this French Quisling.

To deal for a moment with the possible analogy between the Riom trial buffoonery and that of the German "irresponsibles" at Leipzig twenty years ago:

In one of the 400-odd clauses of the Versailles Treaty, a document which the present-day Reich regards as the chief provocation for this war, the Allies demanded the delivery to them of William II to stand trial "for a supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties." The hands of some of the Allies, if not all of them, were not entirely clean and Britain and France were saved possibly great embarrassment when the government of the Netherlands, to which the former Emperor had fled in unheroic haste, declined to hand over his person to the victors. That ended that. Another clause stipulated that Germany must surrender for trial by the Allies "any designated persons accused of having

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

committed acts in violation of the laws and customs of war." The "war criminals" so indicated were more than a hundred in number and included such military luminaries as Field Marshal von Hindenburg (who was to become President of the Republic five years later), Ludendorff and Seeckt. Eventually, the Allies permitted the "trials" to be held at Leipzig, instead of on Allied territory.

They were a classic example of wholesale buck-passing. The chief "war criminals" charged, in rebuttal, that they could not be held responsible for military orders issued by their subordinates acting without authority; in turn, these subordinates protested that they had issued these orders with the understanding that they emanated from the High Command. The riposte of the High Command was that, even if such were so, the actual commander in chief was William II, who unfortunately was taking a prolonged cure at his place of asylum at Doorn. Finally, to flout the authority of the Leipzig court, General Seeckt threatened to resume the war against the Allies, if any member of the High Command were adjudged guilty. The upshot was that a few scapegoats were sent to jail for terms whose lengths suggested that they were only guilty of misdemeanors.

The crowning irony of the Riom proceedings is that they have been devised by the men who delivered over France to Hitler. These men are sitting in judgment on those individuals who, however ineptly and blindly, at least attempted to defend the Third Republic. General Charles de Gaulle (a short biography of whom appears in this issue on page 35), chief of the French forces who have escaped to England to continue the fight against Germany, touches the heart of the matter when he states that the Riom trials "are a piece of stage management. The wretched people who betrayed France by capitulating are trying to divert attention from their own crimes."

As to M. Laval, the stage manager today at Riom, we stated in these columns a month ago that he has "been a stench in the nostrils of the French peasantry and the middle classes" for years, and that the Germans would rid themselves of him as soon as his treacherous usefulness to them was at an end. It appears as though that moment has arrived. The mass of the French, the cables imply, cannot swallow M. Laval's unbelievable defence of Georges Bonnet, the former Foreign Minister and Ambassador to the United States, who two years ago caused officials in our State Department to collapse with laughter when he seriously proposed an Amerian loan of $50,000,000 to the Nazi Government. There are extremes that are even too much for the tolerant, defeated French people to endure, and, understandably, M. Laval is one of them, although only a few weeks ago the cables were reporting that the Vice Premier was cut out to be the "strong man" of the new corporative France, since he was chief author of its unintelligible constitution.

Two-Word Profile

WE FEEL the most acute characterization, if a somewhat acidulous one, yet made of Colonel Lindbergh is that given over the air the other night by Vincent Sheean, broad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

casting from London. Referring to his new role in international affairs, the Lone Eagle was identified by Mr. Sheean as that "eminent mechanic."

Europe's Children

LAST month we discussed, in these columns, a plan to give sanctuary to European evacuee children in country school centers, or school camps. We cited the obvious advantages of this plan (both emotional and economic) over private-home placement. Then we believed, and now we still believe, that the school camp is the best possible solution of the evacuee child's as well as our own problem. However, we are not so parochial as to insist that this plan be adopted exclusively. There may be cases in which a private home is the only proper haven. But for the large masses of children, who may arrive on our shores very soon, the school camp offers an opportunity to provide a residence most like the one the children have left.

One must remember that the boarding school in England is widely accepted as the ideal place for a child to spend his formative years. This may be contrary to much opinion in the United States. But it is less than fair to look at the problem through the smoked glasses of our prejudices rather than through the eyes of those for whom the entire project is designed. If we are to be noble and self-sacrificing let us be completely so, with no tinge of self-interest or self-glorification.

The plan we urge has elicited a flood of approval from many sources throughout the country, and from widely diverse groups. Approval comes from outstanding Americans in the arts, politics and high finance. Also, there is high praise from Britons in this country and active support from the British Scholars Committee, an organization made up of important British college professors, other educators, and writers.

Many editors of American newspapers and periodicals have come forward with words of assistance. The *Christian Science Monitor*, in its issue of August 9, has made a strong editorial appeal for consideration of this plan. This editorial, facing the political factors involved, goes a step further and points out that:

"The Schafer amendment, tacked to the Hennings bill at the last minute in the House of Representatives, would prohibit any adults except American citizens from accompanying the young evacuees . . . If there is merit in the plan for school centers, which might in a measure resemble English boarding schools, the Schafer amendment would need to be struck off or modified in the Senate."

As we write the Senate is considering the Hennings bill. We understand that several changes have been made which will necessitate resubmission to the House. We believe that we speak for a large segment of American opinion in demanding the defeat or repeal of the Schafer amendment by the Congress.

It has been intimated on several occasions that the Federal Children's Bureau, headed by Miss Katherine Lenroot might oppose the school-camp idea. This opinion is advanced on the theory that the Bureau is opposed to institutional life for children, and that the school-camp would be looked upon as an institution. This is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hair-splitting. Such an attitude does not seem possible; the logic of the case should indicate that if such a narrow policy are really the policy of a Federal bureau the result would be nothing but confusion. One needs merely a reminder that every school, church, and even the home itself, is an institution. Our very Government must be so classified. And to say that all institutions are inherently bad is to reveal a false reasoning and an unawareness of reality far too unseemly in anyone in public office. We must remember, too, that these are not American children and cannot be measured by American yardsticks.

Therefore, we do not believe that any responsible person will take such a stand, and the fears of the few are unfounded. However, we would welcome an immediate opinion by the Children's Bureau on this point, to aid the cause of clarity.

Outlook for Sweden

WE HAVE had occasion before to cite the unhappy plight of Sweden. Compelled to serve as a sort of economic arsenal for Germany, her situation is rapidly becoming worse, and next winter the country, like others now under German control, will almost certainly have some experience with starvation en masse. At the Swedish Sample Fair, this summer, the exhibitors all laid stress on *Ersättningsprodukter,* or substitute materials, for the reason that the Germans have expropriated all other materials.

Indicative perhaps of Sweden's immediate future was another class of exhibits at this annual fair at Göteborg—air-raid shelters, gas-masks and similar boons to present-day society.

Swedish government leaders are convinced, with good reason, that the Soviet Union is about to extend her benevolent rule to backward Finland, and it is not the wildest piece of speculation that thereafter Germany and the U.S.S.R. may divide up Sweden, as they did Poland. While it may be assumed that Sweden, in that event, would make some show of resistance for the sake of national honor, there is very little she could do to halt a joint aggression, or even an invasion by either one of her potential foes. But before her fate is settled, the Swedes may have need of air-raid shelters.

Dispensable Gadget

THAT the United States must face the possibility of stoppage in its supply of tin, three-fourths of which we import from British Malaya (whence also comes three-fifths of our rubber) is demonstrated by the current research undertaken by leading container manufacturers to develop a tinless food-pack. The present method is to use a thin sheeting of tin over the steel container. At this time the industry here uses some 40,000 tons of tin annually to produce 16,000,000 cans. The defence program now under way will have pressing need of tin for warships, tanks and planes and, incidentally, that material is used in every incandescent bulb we burn. If the supply is curtailed, as seems most probable, the Government's requirements must be met before those of private industry and of the housewife. Therefore, as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a matter of self-protection, the can manufacturers are seeking a substitute.

The elimination of the tin can from the American pantry may work a profound and salutary change in our way of living. The lowly tin can has held a position of far more fundamental importance to Americans than, say, even the existence (or non-existence) of a good five-cent seegar. Gastronomically, we don't know for sure whether the disappearance of the tin can will be healthy or otherwise: the packers claim that in their modern process they preserve all the known vitamins and, to judge by their modest advertising, a larger host of unknown ones.

A practical substitute may be devised; but—cheer up—perhaps not. If not, the deficiency will cut seriously into afternoons traditionally allotted to bridge, the hair-dresser, vital gossip, shopping for an appalling hat, and suchlike major activities of what Albert Jay Nock recently labelled the "incapacitated sex." That dislocation may be serious, and it provides grounds for another indictment against Hitler who, in the event of victory, may be expected to demand Malaya above all other colonies.

Nevertheless, an American civilization without the tin can might well bring to this country the boon of an honest, decent meal.

Foreign Relations

IN America's intercourse with foreign governments, two issues seem paramount at the moment. One of them is within our power to control; the other depends on the action of a European government. Yet the two problems are closely connected. We refer to the plan, backed by General John J. Pershing, to sell or barter over-age American destroyers to Britain, and the open threat of the Nazi Government against the safety of the United States Army transport, *American Legion.*

Many in this country, until recently, believed that Herr Hitler's officials would not be so foolhardy as to threaten an American Army vessel (or any American vessel, for that matter).

This latest disregard for the rights of others is revealing. It is proof conclusive that the German Reich does not fear to attack us now—and should she dispose of Britain her truculence would become unbearable. In the light of these new facts the American destroyers should be turned over to Britain immediately, whether in return for money, naval bases or match sticks. To object that such an act may bring war with Germany is now completely unfounded; if the Nazis plan to attack us they can find any number of other immediate issues.

THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: "The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bordeaux cabinet was not guilty of all the errors, says this journalist

Post-mortem on a Fallen France

By GENEVIEVE TABOUIS

From the *Tatler*, London Topical Weekly

IT WOULD be a mistake to think that the French leaders at Bordeaux were complete masters of the situation during the latter days, or that a single word on their part could have saved the whole situation. In reality, what has occurred is, in part, the result of twenty years of too much ease and happy-go-lucky living in France. After the defeat of 1870, Gambetta, the famous French statesman, used to repeat in the lobbies of the French Parliament: "Nothing is more dangerous to a nation than victory. Very few people know how to taste a victory without being swallowed up by it. Defeat is the supreme stimulus for a nation of spirit."

In France, since 1935, democratic institutions were rotten to the core, and the liberty of the press was practically non-existent. It was the Ministry in power in France in 1935 which reduced the French press to the lowest ebb of corruption. The papers were incited to conduct campaigns upholding a policy quite contrary to French traditions, as, for instance, to undermine the pact of the League of Nations and Franco-British policy, in order to try and promote friendly relations with dictatorships.

The French people, despite its well-earned reputation for being one of the most intelligent in the world, was unable to stand up for years on end against perfidious press campaigns which always presented the interests of France as synchronizing with the easy policy of "the least effort," as it was called in Geneva, or "the policy of the dead dog," as M. Tardieu called it.

Today, the overwhelming capitulation of France is mainly due to a different state of affairs: first, to the inability of certain military leaders to acknowledge that there was any other military technique than that which had inspired Wilhelm II in 1914. The General Staff said that the idea of a blitzkrieg belonged more to the brain of H. G. Wells than to that of Hitler and, therefore, shrank from the con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struction of machines capable of opposing those of the Germans.

My article written in *L'Œuvre* of February 12, 1939, foretelling that the Führer would attack with parachutists carrying small motorcycles, had a cruel reception from responsible French personalities, as well as from my colleagues of the Right. "Tabouis suffers from nightmares. She must be shut up," they wrote. Even after the Polish war, our military leaders considered impossible any definite results in France from that special technique which Göring and Göbbels had openly planned to use in Holland, Belgium, France and England. It appears now, from the slight perspective we have gained which allows us to judge recent events, that it is mainly "fear of communism" which has precipitated the defeat of France, while, in reality, communism in France is practically non-existent in so far as political or social danger is concerned.

THE study of all the mistakes made in foreign, internal, social and military politics by French leaders during recent years, all in the name of a fear of communism, would indeed make a magnificent subject for a book. When, in 1935, the French Air Minister went to Moscow, he returned with the idea of creating in France a corps of parachutists. This idea was discouraged under the pretext that it was a Bolshevik means of modern warfare. We must remember that the slogan of "the struggle against communism" has been the mainstay of the fifth column in France. Many Frenchmen realized the deep divisions that this caused in certain sections of the population, and little by little rifts deeper even than the ideal of *la Patrie* took root amongst us, to the secret satisfaction of Göbbels and Himmler.

Gradually, political passions were magnified to the point where national interest became overshadowed in men's eyes without their realizing it themselves, and it was in that state of mind that France lived during the past three years. Today, it is believed that the apparent inactivity of the French leaders during the first eight months of the war is also partly responsible for the events of June. That may be so, for a policy of stern firmness would have been needed to remedy all the material and moral difficulties which we have mentioned.

When General Weygand was offered the supreme command he hesitated greatly. "It may be too late already," he said to his intimates, "but is it not my duty as a Christian and a Frenchman to try even the impossible?" and he accepted in full knowledge of the facts. If there had been sufficient supplies and if the Army had been trained to stand up to the blitzkrieg, the situation might have been saved without great disaster. It might have been saved, perhaps, in spite of the dangerous effect of setting up the French Government in North Africa, had not certain French leaders at that moment harked back to their "fear of communism" and preferred to maintain in France the existing social order by establishing an Axis peace. Let it be said, however, that the material and moral position of the Army was very difficult to understand!

The logical Frenchman is now quite prepared to see in a free France an internal policy of repression against

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Left, yet he does not despair of seeing true French patriotism rise again against Nazi tyranny.

IT WOULD be a fallacy to believe that France has lost all her virtues, for it is only in some circles that the love of the country has been subordinated to political struggles.

England will not submit. America is there, the tide will turn . . . and maybe sooner than we think.

(*Editor's Note:* Mme. Tabouis is well-known as a journalist who has often written penetratingly of political affairs in her country and abroad. We feel that one argument in the foregoing article, however, requires a note on Mme. Tabouis herself. She writes that "in France, since 1935, democratic institutions were rotten to the core, and the liberty of the press was practically non-existent."

First, with respect to French democratic institutions, it may be observed that Mme. Tabouis in great measure earned her reputation as a foreign-affairs commentator on the staff of *L'Œuvre*, a Radical-Socialist newspaper with a large provincial circulation, which was in the vanguard of editorial support of the Popular Front; this commentator for years did not find it intellectually or politically inconsistent or hypocritical to contribute leading articles to that influential newspaper.

Second, with respect to Mme. Tabouis' assertion that the "liberty of the [French] press was practically non-existent" Léon Daudet's monarchist *Action Française* existed throughout the period mentioned by Mme. Tabouis, and was entirely free to state whenever it wished (which was often) that ex-Premier Blum was "a noisome Jew," or some similarly delicate characterization; while *L'Humanité* continued at liberty to preach the gospel of Moscow until several weeks after hostilities began a year ago. The conservative *Figaro* and the moderate-right *Le Matin* were never disturbed when they published their weekly, if not daily, hosannas to the genius of Hitler and the virtues of German National Socialism, and Mme. Tabouis's own newspaper, *L'Œuvre*, was not suspended when it began to preach a kind of equivocal pacifism.

That much of the Paris press was venal, no working journalist in that capital could ever doubt if he had two eyes and as many ears. But that is not to say that "freedom of the press was practically non-existent"; indeed, the contrary existed, perhaps to an excessive degree. We believe that so able a reporter as Mme. Tabouis is guilty here of a slip of the pen.

Readers may be interested to learn —to credit the London *Daily Herald* (Laborite)—that "a few weeks back, pro-Germans thought [Mme. Tabouis'] silence worth 3,000,000 francs. That was the price offered, for her suppression, to the proprietors of the journal for which she worked." We doubt whether Mme. Tabouis herself believes that her silence, at a moment that France was manifestly disintegrating and the German armies were circling Paris, was worth $60,000 to Dr. Göbbels.

Incidentally, since the German occupation, *L'Œuvre* has with great haste disavowed its leftist sympathies, and today is the sponsor of the Pétain régime "in which the parties are dead and will not be reborn.")

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Swiss Fascist Fronts

PALO ALTO
PUBLIC LIBRARY
READING ROOM

Translated From *La Lumière*, Paris (Before the Surrender)

LIKE Belgium and Holland, Switzerland during the last few years has also had experience with an anti-democratic movement of Hitlerian inspiration, the so-called "National Front." Its accomplishments so far have been less spectacular than those of the Rexism of Leon Degrelle in Belgium and the National Socialism which Mussert led in Holland, but it constitutes, nevertheless, a disturbing element in the Swiss federal democracy.

The National Front has published two papers—the *Grenzbote* (*Frontier Messenger*) in German and *Le Front* in French—which never had a combined circulation of more than about 3,000, most of it unpaid. At the last general elections, in the Fall of 1939, the Front failed to elect any members to Parliament. (In fact, it has never had any Parliamentary representation.) It had by then fallen into disrepute because of—among other things—the revelation of documents, whose authenticity was unquestioned, which greatly compromised its leaders.

Like other similar movements, the National Front has recruited its followers largely from among economically dissatisfied members of the middle class. It was led by Colonel Sonderegger, a former Chief of the General Staff, who held democracy responsible for the injustices which he felt he had suffered in the course of his military career. His lieutenants, Leonhardt, Tobler and Henne, were suspicious characters from the very beginning, and there was no less friction among the chiefs of the movement than among those of anti-democratic parties in other countries. Finally, Sonderegger and Leonhardt abandoned the National Front to create, in Basle, the *"Communauté Populaire Nationale,"* with the well-known landscape painter, Boeshardt, at its head.

Besides these German-Swiss parties, there was also the Swiss Fascist League, founded in Lausanne by the spy, Fonjallaz, who also formed an Italian section in Tessin and a German section, the *"Heimatwehr"* ("Home Guard"), in the canton of Berne. The group in Geneva was called *"Action Nationale,"* and its leaders were George Oltramare and a lawyer named Aubert. Several trials have brought to light the fact that the chiefs of these movements were working under orders from foreign governments and, even more serious, that several of them had been convicted previously of espionage. Those against whom there was enough evidence for conviction as spies have been imprisoned, but, otherwise, the Swiss Government, being a democratic régime, has no legal means of supressing anti-democratic propaganda.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Franco's Falangists lay claim to all the lands held by Phillip II

Spain Demands Latin America

By LAMAR MIDDLETON

FALANGIST Spain today is beginning to howl for territory with all the vigor and shrillness made familiar by the Nazis' bawling for their place in the sun, and the prolonged Fascist bellowing for everything else in sight. It surpasses, in fact, the Italian lamentations for Nice, Savoie, Corsica and Tunisia (which Mussolini now will probably get), although it does not quite match Hitler's demand for worldwide hegemony by German Aryans. Nevertheless, the yells of Generalissimo Franco's Falangist crusaders, in news print, over the air and on street-corners, embrace claims to a sizable expanse of terra firma: specifically, to the "lost empire" of Philip II of Spain, who lived and died within the years 1527 and 1598.

A word about the extent of Philip's vast dominions of some four centuries ago, before considering some of the Falangist arguments for their "rightful" return to modern-day Spain. In 1556, Philip became sovereign of Spain with all its Hispanic-American possessions; besides, he had vast lands in Italy (the Duchy of Milan), and he was monarchial overlord of the Netherlands. Now, that is a sizable piece of acreage in anybody's view, even by the imperial standards of ancient Rome, or those of England in the early part of the present century. Just what a Spain, emotionally and economically exhausted by a three-year civil war, and certainly bereft of genius in colonial administration, would do with all this territory, is a puzzle not to be solved on a hot day; but since it has become the fascist vogue to whine for the lands of the democracies, the Falangists apparently are determined to be in the swim, however grotesque their reasoning may be.

Falangist leaders in Spain, including Franco himself, as well as Spanish fascist agents abroad (several of them in the United States), are not asking, however, for the return of all of these lands. To be quite fair, they are asking for none of Philip's former holdings in Italy, nor indeed for any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

part of the Netherlands; and very generous that is of them. But perhaps it is not the part of bias to suggest that one reason for this Falangist moderation and high-mindedness derives not from morality alone but from the conviction that the Nazi occupants and rulers of the Netherlands are not disposed to give anything away; and that neither is the Duce inclined to bestow anything on a Spain which has yet to pay interest on his interventionist investment of 1936-38. Spain, like other nations, at times, must be realistic about what can safely be grabbed.

But what Falangist Spain—sure of a Nazi-Fascist victory and the consequent acquisition of the British fleet—is demanding is the immediate return, in recognition of her ostensible "renascence" as a modern empire-builder of all of South and Central America, Mexico, the Caribbean Islands, including Porto Rico and the Philippines. If you are skeptical, read on a few paragraphs. The minor issue of the return to Generalissimo Franco of the erstwhile Spanish territories in the original Louisiana Purchase (that is, the insignificant parcel of land now occupied by the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Montana, most of Minnesota and portions of Colorado and Wyoming)—this issue will be debated once Hitler and Mussolini, with Falangist advice, have mesmerized the people of the United States into a sort of drooling worship of the dictators, and a "total" subservience to them.

FOR THE immediate present, however, the republics of the Americas (the United States excepted or, rather, deferred until the moment of its collapse) must all be returned forthwith to Spain; and make no mistake that the Falangists regard this transfer as chimerical. You are told in Madrid today that the Monroe Doctrine is only a pun, and is so regarded by North Americans themselves. And you are also told that neither do South Americans, who are expected supinely to re-embrace Mother Spain, subscribe to any such nonsensical doctrine. Presumably, in the Falangist view, the twenty republics are equally indifferent to the provisions of last month's Act of Havana. Finally, it should be added, before we review the evidence of "renascent" Spain's proposals, that the Falangists also lay claim to French Morocco, to French Equatorial and to French West Africa, altogether a paltry Spanish *lebensraum* of some 2,702,000 square miles, which is almost precisely the land area of the United States.

(It may be remarked in passing that Spain's record in Africa, in recent years, has been one of consistent recklessness, cowardice and corruption: Madrid killed off at least 16,000 troops attempting to capture Abdul-Krim, and finally begged and obtained the aid of the French in 1925; her administration of the Canary Islands, off the coast of northwest Africa, has been so spectacularly inept that certain Nazi organs have frankly counselled their "benevolent occupation" by the Reich. But such facts are regarded as irrelevant by Spanish Fascists, who seemingly reason that the fact you are appallingly imbecilic in administering a cluster of islands does not mean you cannot become magnificently efficient overnight in controlling the economic, social and cultural

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

destinies of all of Spanish America, with its population of some ninety millions.)

BECAUSE of the preposterousness of these claims, it might be supposed that the Falange is giving voice to them only to divert the minds and stomachs of the Spanish people from their wretched condition. But the conception of a resurrected empire is, in all truth, the keystone of the Falangist program, which has been lifted *in toto* from that of the Nazis and Fascists. The emphases are identical: (1) creation of a rabid nationalism in the youth, and a blind obedience to the State; (2) the raising of an unceasing hue and cry for colonies, at home and abroad; and (3) persecution of the Jews after the methods perfected and refined by the National Socialists in Germany, and elaborated by the Fascists in Italy. Let us consider these holy commandments in their order:

1. *Youth.* The chief slogan employed today in recruiting youth into the militant organizations of the Falange is "Reconquest of the Empire!" It is as yet not obligatory to join—that is, there is no penalty for non-enlistment, but the advantages of enlistment are so patent that Falangist recruiting has all the legal force of conscription. The recruit, by the way, makes this sweeping oath of allegiance:

"I pledge allegiance to God, Spain, to Franco and to our Nationalist Syndicalist revolution. I swear to serve my country above all else; and to fight unhesitatingly for the *material and spiritual conquest of our Lost Empire*; to fight for the creation of a United Spain, great and free, which has been given to us by the victorious sword of our glorious Caudillo [Franco]."

At the Falangist meetings, the dominant motif is this "Reconquest of the Empire!" Recruiting of the Spanish youth is not restricted to Spain; it is carried on with vigor and Latin fanfare in Spanish America and in the United States, and designed to attract the foreign-born youth of Spanish parents. As at home, foreign recruits are obliged to swear "to serve my country [Spain] above all else; and to fight unhesitatingly for the material . . . conquest of our Lost Empire." Such a pledge applied to the foreign-born is the frankest admission possible that Falangist youth organizations abroad are to serve as fifth columns. Any day Franco may be expected to proclaim, if he has not done so already, that children born of Spanish parents abroad owe their first allegiance to the mother country, precisely as did Hitler and Mussolini.

2. *Cry for Colonies.* This is maintained at home everywhere in the Falangist press, which is virtually to say the only press. Falangist editors and orators "demand" the "return" of the lands aforementioned. Most often the argument, written or spoken, begins with a sort of bravura passage calling for the *instant* relinquishment by Britain of Gibraltar. After citing other parts of the world that in time must be returned to Spain as interest payments on her "Lost Empire," various editors lay hands upon other likely colonies. *El Noticiero Universal* of Barcelona, for example, states that "Spain very soon will obtain all the excellent coffee she needs from a certain place in Africa now under the domination of a certain overseas dem-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ocracy"; this scarcely ambiguous reference is, of course, to Liberia and to the United States.

The newspaper *Arriba España* of Madrid, the chief Falangist organ, gives the cue, so far as colonies are concerned, to the rest of the Spanish press. A year ago, flaying Mr. Roosevelt for his "exploitation" of the Philippines (evidently in darkest ignorance of Spain's own sorry record there, not to mention the Tydings-McDuffie Act providing for independence in 1945), *Arriba España* observed that "we should not be surprised that, where Spaniards have fallen [in the Philippines], there are still seeds that may become trees amid the ruins of the Empire. The Spanish world is afoot, and, marching forward, it greets the Philippine Islands as the vanguard of our unity and of our destiny under Malayan skies." Well, well.

The "glorious Caudillo," alias Generalissimo Franco, is somewhat less given to hyperbole although he, too, has his moments of rhetorical blowsiness. Speaking at Vigo, on the Atlantic side of "renascent Spain," and gesturing operatically toward the Americas, he informed the world recently that "in effect, Spain lives facing the sea, and Spain is going to command that sea whence comes our grandeur. This marvelous Bay of Vigo is one of the paths that shall lead us to Empire! Spain must not forget this!" And in the course of an "interpretation" of this world-shaker, Melchor Fernández Almagro, governor of the Balearic Islands, explained in the *España* of Tangiers that "Franco signifies the restoration to us of Spain overseas. This will have repercussions," he warned, "in the United States. President Roosevelt knows that, and fears it; accordingly, he is hostile toward the totalitarian states."

To judge by the tone of most of its newspapers, Catalonia—whence the Loyalists once recruited their most fervent support—has gone over to the Falange body and soul. There the party mouthpiece, *El Correo Español,* states without equivocal folderol that "Spain regards the Spanish-speaking American republics as her business. . . . The plutocrats of Wall Street fear the awakening of the Spanish soul in an emancipated South America. . . . The Monroe Doctrine [is] employed with despotic aims against the fertile brotherhood of the Spanish peoples."

The Falange preaches its gospel of "renascent Spain" and the recovery of the "Lost Empire" with commendable consistency, if not with much propagandist adroitness. It publishes three reviews in this country, *Spain* and *Cara al Sol,* which are monthlies, and *España Nueva*, a weekly. The monthlies are published by the newly established Spanish Library of Information in New York and are edited by a Falangist, Javier Gaytan de Arjola, who is also director of the Library. The Library shares offices with the Peninsular News Service, Inc., which during the Spanish civil war had a fresh Franco victory for American afternoon newspapers with every edition, although it claimed to be an ordinary commercial news agency. The Library of Information is organized and financed by the press bureau of the Spanish Ministry of Information. One of the editorial peculiarities of *Spain*, published in English, is its large number of contributors with strikingly

92502

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irish names. Almost all Spanish export and import houses in this country are "invited" to advertise in the columns of these Falangist organs, and the majority of them come through obediently. The same set-up exists in Cuba and in Mexico, where the Falangists draw their inspiration and their subsidies from the Spanish embassies and consulates.

3. *Anti-Semitism.* In Spain, the Falangist press makes a daily rite of piling execrations upon Jews; this requires little ingenuity since editors merely rewrite back files of the Nazi and Fascist papers. The weekly Falangist organ in New York, the *España Nueva*, whose editor is one A. Sanchez Arguelles, embraces anti-Semitism, however, in a more particularized way, and is less concerned with international aspects of the Jewish problem than with the ominous presence of Jews in the United States. American Jews are "fugitives from the Ghetto," "apostates and renegades," "social reptiles," "bastards" and—a phrase reserved for epochal occasions—"the noisome minority of the circumcized." The Roosevelts are favored targets of *España Nueva*: "If those who contributed to the Zionist decoration of Roosevelt were logical, and those who take tea with Mrs. Roosevelt also were logical, then they should also attack and degrade Franco and our Nationalist idea which, better than any other, represents he." (This editorial gem will scan, if you have time to procure a T-square and slide-rule.) The *New York Times* gets a weekly shellacking, because, reportedly, it supports American capital in South America and thus is depriving Spain of her rightful dividends below the Rio Grande. Where a financially prostrate Spain would find funds to invest in Latin America is not disclosed by *España Nueva.*

To complete its coverage, the Franco Government subsidizes nightly broadcasts to the United States of Falangist philosophy via Radio Nacional Salamanca, Station EAQ Madrid and Transradio Aranjuez.

NO ONE in his right mind, even the professional or the amateur fifth-column alarmist in this country, needs to fear that a new Spanish Armada, carrying a "renascent" army of Falangists, will pull off a "Reconquest of the Empire" in South and Central America; the Spanish people will be preoccupied for some decades to come in reconquering themselves, socially and economically. But the outbursts herein described are again indicative of the tragically epidemic nature of totalitarianism. We have heard little of Falangist whooping because the Nazi and Fascist output is quantitatively superior. But we will hear more of it. Spain no longer need fear a potential enemy on the north: militarily and politically, France will remain a vacuum for perhaps a generation. Franco, "the glorious Caudillo," and his aides can learn from the Führer and the Duce many pointers in the fine art of inducing nausea. Very soon you'll be hearing more—from renascent Spain—of the "Reconquest of the Empire."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

G. B. S. airs his views, to show how the censor has denied him expression

The Cops Won't Let Me Talk!

By GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

From *Time and Tide*, London Topical Weekly

THE French armistice has now brought the war to a pause during which we can stop for a moment to take a look at it in the lump. What has it done so far? Well, it has restored the self-respect of Germany, which the Allies destroyed carefully in 1919.

So far so good; but we must be careful as to what this German triumph proves; for in its first blaze of glory it may confirm the victorious Führer in his old delusion that the Nordic German is a superior being divinely appointed to rule over the rest of Europe, and abolish forever the exploitation by a conspiracy of Jews of a rabble of Latins, Slavs, Celts, Franks, Cockneys, Yankees, Cornstalkers: in short, of all who are outside the Chosen Race whose leader and prophet—dare I say whose Moses? — is Adolf Hitler.

Now we cannot deny that this ethnological theory was imposed on Germany by an Englishman named Chamberlain (not Neville and not Austen). Consequently it is humiliating to have to denounce it as bunk, bosh, and bugaboo. It is true that we are a pack of mongrels; but what about the Germans? It would not be polite to call them mongrels; but are they not—shall I say hybrids?—quite as mixed as ourselves? Could anyone mistake Mr. Hitler for a blond beast? He is the least Germanic type in Europe.

What, then, does his conquest prove? Just this: that any nation that will subject itself to military communism, and sacrifice every other consideration to military organization and armament, can go through its neighbors not so organized like a red-hot shot through a pound of butter. That is what the German Reich has done under Mr. Hitler's very capable leadership. And that is what we are too sensibly happy-go-lucky to do under any leadership. We have just instituted, on paper, a military communism which has probably scandalized Trotsky by its uncompromising

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thoroughness, placing our lives, our properties and our liberties, such as they are, at the disposal of the brass hats. But it has got no further than paper: England is still just happy-go-lucky old England.

We have spent the last twenty years largely in heaping on Russia and her rulers every extremity of vilification and slander. Our own elected rulers have been mostly capitalists who ask nothing better than to join Germany in partitioning Russia among the capitalist powers, and exterminating the Soviets as Bismarck combined with Thiers to exterminate the Commune in Paris in 1871. It is impossible for the Russian Government to trust us as long as we have cabinets of this complexion. And, most unfortunately, our Prime Minister, who financed the White generals in 1920, is the most conspicuous of the British enemies of Russia.

Now I will not suggest that we depose Mr. Churchill and replace him by Sir Stafford. That might frighten the United States, where they have been just as stupid as we about Russia until Japan made them think twice about it. I therefore remind Russia that Mr. Churchill was the first British statesman who dared to say that Lenin was a great man, just as I sometimes remind my own countrymen that it was Mr. Churchill's revolt against the Black and Tan terror that hastened the creation of the Irish Free State. It would ease the situation, and incidentally help Sir Stafford's mission in Moscow, if the P.M. could say a word to make it clear that he accepts the socialism of Russia just as he accepts the republicanism of the United States, and that the hatchet of 1920 is buried. Also, that the idiots who keep calling Stalin a blood-stained monster will be shot.

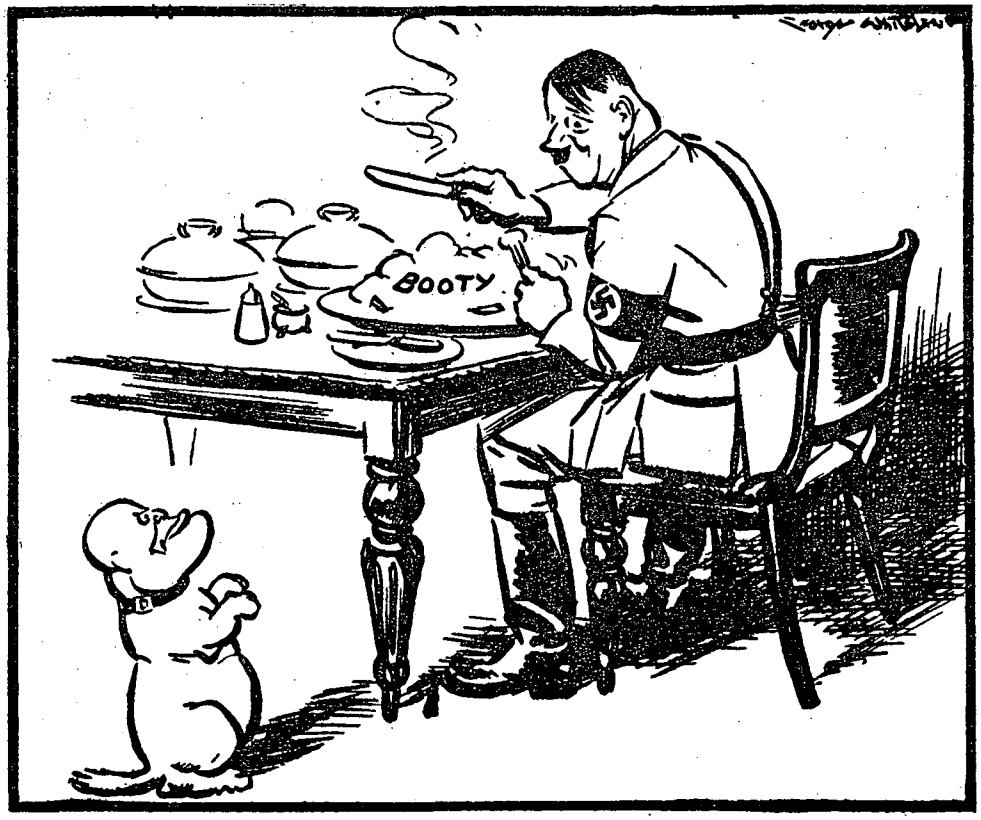
And when he has found out which members of his Cabinet are worse than useless, he can replace them quietly with known friends of Russia.

All games must be played according to rules or they cannot be played at all. What are the rules in the case of an ally who makes a separate peace? When Russia was our ally, and the Bolshevist Government made a separate peace with Germany, we made war on Russia without a moment's hesitation. Why have we not done so in the case of European France? This would have given us the right to capture the French fleet, possibly without firing a shot; for the French captains (to say nothing of their crews) would have to choose between surrendering to Mr. Hitler or surrendering to us. It was up to us to force this choice on them; for they could not, as we demanded, have sailed into English ports on their own initiative (such things are not done in the Service); so at present we have no right to touch them until they are manned with German crews under the German flag, as they surely will be when Mr. Hitler has gone through the form of purchasing them from the French, say for a penny each. I do not profess to be an expert; but for the life of me I cannot see how we can treat European France as a neutral power now that she is Hitlerized. Such Gilbertian complications as may arise from a *pro forma* declaration of war on a country for which we shall be fighting our hardest are negligible as against the very dangerous advantages which a unilateral and quite fictitious neutrality gives to the enemy. It really seems a pity that I was not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prime Minister at 12:35 that night when the French signed. Had I been, England would have been officially at war with the French at 12:40.

I FEAR (and hope) I shall never be Prime Minister. For the moment we are at war all the most foolish people in the country class me as Public Enemy Number One; and the Government takes advantage of this to suppress me. The Minister of Information cancels my broadcast, and forbids the publication of an interview with me. The reason, as far as reason can be attributed to that Ministry, is that I see beforehand, for periods varying from a week to twenty years, what circumstances will oblige the Government to do; and to blurt out such things is contrary to the safe policy of always confronting the public with the *fait accompli*, after exhausting every device of concealment until it is too late for the public to do anything but accept the irremediable situation. I do not demur to this policy; there is a great deal to be said for it considering how dangerously ignorant most of us are in political affairs. Still, I want my particular congregation to know that the reason I do not make the pronouncements they expect from me on questions of the hour is simply that the police won't let me.



—*Daily Herald*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Battle for America is now on, and it will be fought with ballots

Political Parties Choose Generals

By LUTHER A. HUSTON

PRELIMINARY skirmishing ended, a political campaign that will be more bitterly fought and more important to the future of government in this country than any since Lincoln gained the Presidency in the elections of 1860, is under way and gaining momentum daily.

It is a battle between two strong men who dislike each other. There will be others in the fight, of course, but their recorded place in history will be comparable to that of the aides of Genghis Khan. The issue in this campaign is Franklin D. Roosevelt vs. Wendell L. Willkie. The fact that they fight as the leaders of the Democratic and the Republican parties does not by any means signify that great party principles are at stake.

Parties, in this campaign, are secondary: candidates are primary. The fact that party emblems will be waved and party platitudes mouthed by a thousand political orators, does not alter the fact that when the voters go to the polls in November they will not be deciding whether they want the Democrats or the Republicans to control the government but whether they want Franklin Roosevelt or Wendell Willkie in the White House.

Paradoxically, the major issue of each candidate and each party is basically the same. Mr. Roosevelt and his followers contend that the only way to preserve democracy and make it work is to keep them in power. Mr. Willkie and his supporters assert that the New Deal has scuttled the "American way of life" and that the only way to save and preserve the democratic heritage of the nation is to turn the Rooseveltian "rascals" out.

The situation thus arising is a concomitant of the trends that manifested themselves in the recent party conventions at Philadelphia and Chicago. It gives rise to the question of whether the party system, long cherished as the essence and the bulwark of the political life of a democracy, any longer fulfills that function and, therefore, whether it is destined to survive.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some who attended the Philadelphia and Chicago conclaves felt that perhaps they were seeing the party system as it has prevailed since the establishment of this Republic, functioning for the last time in the historic process of choosing a Presidential candidate. Elements of dictatorship, they perceived, were present at each convention. Unbossed conventions of course, are more likely to be a reasonably pure expression of democracy, but the unbossed convention is a theory rather than a fact. At Philadelphia and Chicago, many felt, the hand of the boss was so heavy that it threatened to choke to death a traditionally fundamental democratic process.

Perhaps, if the yardstick of bossism is applied to this year's conventions, the position of the national political convention in the democracy of today, and its probable position in the future, may be clearer.

WE will take the Republican affair at Philadelphia first, chiefly because it was held first. There are two viewpoints regarding this convention. One is that in nominating Wendell Willkie as its candidate for President, democracy got the best break in this convention that it has had since 1896 when William Jennings Bryan, just a political puppy, growled about crowns of thorns and crosses of gold and walked off with the bone that several stalwart Democratic dogs had their eyes on. Those who espouse this viewpoint argue that if the Philadelphia convention had been bossed, Willkie would have had about the same chance of being nominated as Governor Harlan J. Bushfield of South Dakota, whose name also was offered to the delegates as the Moses who could lead them out of New Deal bondage.

To those who hold the opposite premise, all this is just plain baloney. Wall Street, they say, was the boss of the Republican pow-wow and a party long subservient to the clink of gold and the call of capital, heard its master's voice and did its bidding. New Dealers who, in the light of what happened at Chicago, may be fairly said to speak at times with the voice of Franklin, will tell you that if you do not believe that Willkie was a Wall Street hot dog, wrapped in a holding company bun and smeared with utilities mustard, that was crammed down the throats of office-hungry delegates by rapacious capitalists, you are too gullible even to think about politics.

Neither viewpoint is correct. They are as wide of the mark as the idea that the nomination of Willkie was a sort of political cyclone that struck the old line G. O. P. stalwarts before they had time to take to the storm cellar. The nomination of Willkie had its genesis in a line of political thinking that was developing long before he came over the political horizon. This was that if the two-party political system was to be preserved, the defeat of President Roosevelt if he sought a third term must be encompassed, coupled with the conviction that if the United States had reached a point where only one man could solve her problems there was not much use in clinging to even a pretense of democracy. Those who thought along these lines began to express themselves through various media: eventually they began casting about for someone who could win a campaign predicated upon those ideas. Willkie became aware of the forces that were at work

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and of the need for a leader and cashed in on the situation.

Once Willkie decided to go after the Presidential plum, however, he was a cyclone. He did hit the Philadelphia convention with tornadic impact and blew down the opposition as a prairie "twister" flattens a wheatfield.

When Willkie went into action at Philadelphia he was not a boss. Before the convention was over he was the boss of his party, not because he had the political power to bludgeon his way to the nomination or because predatory plutocrats pulled puppet strings and made the delegates dance, but because he did a job of high-pressure salesmanship and walked off with the order right under the noses of drummers who had been covering the territory for years.

Thus the Philadelphia convention was bossed, but not in the sense in which that term customarily is applied to political leadership. It was bossed by the voices from the gallery at first but later from the floor of the auditorium as well, that chanted "We Want Willkie" until they forced delegates not particularly reluctant but needing a bit of pressure to give them that candidate. It could hardly be called pure democracy in action but, by that yardstick we picked up a while ago, it probably was closer to it than any other convention known to this political generation.

This demonstration that it is still possible in the United States for a political convention to achieve a result on which very few people would have bet three days before it happened may prove a tonic to the convention system. It may convince some that the system is worth saving.

Nonetheless the shows which the Republicans put on in Philadelphia and the Democrats in Chicago had almost all the other characteristics of a political process which seems ill-adjusted to the tempo of the era. At times they were dull; at times futile; at times ludicrous.

It is hard to convince an efficient-minded observer of the present day that it is necessary to let a cross-roads orator work himself into a lather extolling the supposititious merits of a home-grown statesman who has no more chance of being nominated than Haile Selassie. It is doubly hard to find a logical reason for three or four seconding speeches of the same futile nomination. While these things go on, the dreary moments come in the best of conventions. The favorite-son idea may be an excellent asset in political horse trading but it slows down the action in a national convention to a degree that ought to annoy, but probably does not, the recipient of the fulsome oratorical tributes.

The sight of grown men and women cheering frantically because some adenoidal Demosthenes reminds them that the Declaration of Independence was signed in the city wherein they are meeting to save the nation from a fate far worse than threatened the early Colonists hardly can be taken as proof that sanity rules in the American political world.

THAT yardstick we were using becomes virtually useless when applied to the Democratic convention in Chicago. The delegates to that convention knew they were free to nominate any candidate they chose, so long as his name was Franklin D. Roosevelt. They knew they were at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liberty to write into the party platform any plank they wished so long as it expressed the policies of the New Deal. They did not quite believe it at first but they found out that they could pick any candidate for vice president they wanted and it is not necessary to recall to those who read newspaper dispatches from the convention hall the purely democratic process by which they selected Henry A. Wallace.

So, of course, the "mystery voice" of Tom Garry, superintendent of Chicago's sewers, that boomed from the cavernous recesses of the Stadium to tell the delegates that "the Whole World Wants Roosevelt" was simply a channel provided by Mayor Ed Kelley to afford a free political soul an opportunity to express his innermost convictions. And the quiet word that was passed from the thick-carpeted rooms in luxury hotels occupied by high administrative officials that those sensitive patriots whose task it is to decide who gets a political job or keeps the one he's got might be deeply hurt if a record ballot revealed that votes had been cast for earnest but misguided men who thought that they might be better leaders of Democracy than the anointed one could not be likened even remotely to what one spectator called the tactics of the Camorrista.

Any New Dealer will tell you that the democratic waters of the Chicago convention were pure and undefiled, hence the question of the effect of that gathering upon the future of the traditional American method of selecting its Presidential candidates cannot be raised by those whose motives are not evil. So we do not raise it here.

The fact remains, however, that in the light of this year's political conventions the belief is spreading that, if the country escapes dictatorship under which all cherished political institutions would disappear, some reform of the convention system is necessary to preserve the purity of its functions. This sentiment has not yet crystallized to a point where definite proposals have been put forward. Perhaps suggestions may begin to appear when the result of the November elections is known, for upon the outcome of those elections hinge other grave questions as to the future course of American democracy.

A fair appraisal of the present trend of thought would seem to be that the convention process is basically sound and democratic. Therefore the answer as to whether it deserves to survive would be in the affirmative. Its procedure, however, should be reformed so that the flub-dub would be eliminated: the real business of the convention conducted more efficiently.

This reform is hardly possible so long as conventions are allotted to cities who bid huge sums for them in the expectation that they will get their money back through expenditures of delegates and others who attend. The suggestion that the expenses of the convention be paid from federal funds might be one answer to this problem.

THE idea that conventions ever will be entirely unbossed is too chimerical to be entertained. Bossism, in fact, is not necessarily inconsistent with democracy. It depends upon how the power of the boss is exercised.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Self-preservation advises forgetting grievances against the United States

Mexico States Her Position

Translated from *Hoy*, Mexico, D. F., Liberal Weekly Magazine

SO LONG as the European war remains exclusively European, we Mexicans have the indisputable right to bestow our sympathies on any of the belligerents. But as soon as any one country of the New World takes an active part in the conflict, we will be compelled to sacrifice those sympathies to national necessities. The United States is advancing fatally and inexorably toward war, and Mexico is going to be obliged to define its destiny.

When President Roosevelt insisted on adjusting the economy of his country by squandering thousands of millions of dollars, he impressed us as being a dreamer with no sense of reality, a short-sighted statesman who would leave his country far more disorganized than it was in March 1933. But since last September, when he asked for an immediate change of the Neutrality Law to make it possible to send supplies to France and England, he showed that he had a clear vision of events. By that act alone he placed himself at the head of all North American statesmen. He saw war coming, inevitably, and instead of avoiding the issue, he met it with energetic resolution.

In examining his character closely, it must be taken into consideration that the people of the United States represent more than those of any other nation the type which Herbert Spencer classified as "industrial," and they are, consequently, irreconcilable enemies of war. Everything goes to make the United States love peace above all: its traditions, its customs, its constitutional life and, especially, its bitter experience in the previous World War. It entered that war in 1917 not as the result of its own expressed will but because of the authoritarian character of its President. Mr. Woodrow Wilson knew that he did not have to consult the masses in making the break. He got Congress to declare war and then faced the people with the *fait accompli*.

President Roosevelt advances

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toward war in the opposite way. Instead of surprising the people with an irretrievable situation, he has prepared them slowly, so that finally the momentous decision will come from the great mass of the nation. Hardly ten months ago all North Americans were pacifists—to such an extreme that they tied their hands with a Neutrality Law which prevented them from selling war materials to any of the belligerents. This law was absurd, because it was equivalent to a renunciation by the United States, through fear, of the integrity of its sovereignty. It is one thing to work against a danger, but it is an entirely different matter to flee from it. He who flees loses at once both his force and his honor.

This Roosevelt understood, and at the very moment that Hitler laid his conquering claw on Poland, he presented a modification of the law to Congress. Of course, in order not to offend the pacifist idiosyncrasy of his people, he declared himself an enemy of all armed conflicts. But very subtly, in condemning the war, he also condemned unjustified aggression, and thus he has sown among his compatriots the seed of a growing aversion to the German dictator. In the meantime, events in Europe opened the eyes of those deluded persons who had faith in International Law. The aggressions in Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, and Luxemburg shook the people out of their lethargy; and once their eyes were open, North Americans began to consider that a country rich in material wealth but unarmed is an irresistible temptation to the insatiable greed of aggressors.

The lightning invasion of Belgium and Holland finally awakened them completely. The surrender of half a million Dutch soldiers who did not even have a chance to fight and the terrific disaster of Flanders revealed to North Americans the grave danger they were incurring of being crushed by surprise. Roosevelt seized the proper moment to arm to the teeth. He demanded and obtained from Congress $1,800,000,000 for the manufacture of airplanes and other war materials, and $1,000,000,000 more to enlarge the Army. On the demand of Admiral Stark, another $4,000,000,000 was obtained to build the Navy of the United States to a size greater than that of any other in the world. Roosevelt also secured from Congress permission to sell to England all war materials not needed for American defence.

All this has been done with the unquestioned support of public opinion, which shows that the country is progressing toward war, not because Roosevelt is pushing it in that direction but because it is the will of the nation. With the help of circumstances, the President has succeeded in less than ten months in convincing his people that war with the totalitarian powers of Europe is fatally inevitable.

AND what will Mexico do when its powerful neighbor joins in this dreadful adventure? We must begin with the realization that if in Europe the conflict is between England and Germany, in the New World the only possible struggle is for or against the United States. Beyond the Atlantic there may be many contending groups and aspirations, but here in America there can be only two sides: he who is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not a friend of the United States must perforce be its enemy.

What will Mexico do? Mexicans remember with resentment all the raw deals which we have received from our neighboring republic since we began life as an independent nation. Many keep a rigorous account of all the wrongs which began with the pernicious influence of Mr. Poinsett [Joel R. Poinsett, Secretary of War under Van Buren], with the stirring up of our internal quarrels, followed by the detachment of the State of Texas, and culminating in the unjust war of 1846 which had no other purpose than that of robbing us of half our territory. Later, there were the new mutilation of Mesilla, the attack on the port of Veracruz in 1914, the invasion of the State of Chihuahua by General Pershing in 1916, the Treaties of Bucareli, where North American interests won the legitimate property titles of Mexicans. We remember the airplanes and other war materials which were delivered to General Obregon to destroy the will of the people and to crush the De la Huerta rebellion and impose General Calles on us as President; and Ambassador Morrow's friendship with the latter, which made it possible for him to enslave the whole nation with impunity for ten long years. All these wrongs reveal that the Mexican people have more than enough motives to hold resentment against a country which has done them so much injustice. A few times—though very few, certainly—the wrong has been done deliberately in order to reap advantages. But in the majority of cases it has been due to the ignorance and the lack of vision of the officials who ran the foreign policy of the United States. However, even if the majority of them have been involuntary, they have taken on an irreparable character for our unfortunate country. There is certainly reason for the words attributed to our greatest statesman: "Poor Mexico, so far from God and so near to the United States!"

With what has gone before, no one should be astonished that many thousands (and perhaps millions) of Mexicans are averse to the very thought of uniting with the United States in this moment of crisis for all peoples. Nevertheless, nothing can be gained by recalling old mistakes which cannot be corrected and faults which cannot be repaired. The undeniable fact is that as long as we cannot emigrate to other parts of the planet—since they are already occupied—we cannot free overselves from the obligations imposed on us by geography. We are irretrievably bound to the interests of our formidable neighbor and so, whether we want to or not, must get along with her. A century and a quarter of experience teaches us that our foreign policy must be directed to harmonize and not counteract that of the United States.

It is clear, of course, that the gallery demands something else. In South America and in Spain there are plenty of people who hope that Mexico will rise against the United States, something like Athens and Sparta opposing the Persian invasion. They are under the illusion that our country could fight against the Anglo-Saxon Power as Rome fought against the expansionist imperialism of Carthage. They point out to us the amputation of Panama from Colombia, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

armed intervention of Santo Domingo, the drama of Haiti, the assassination of Sandino in Nicaragua and many other tragedies which spiritually divide the United States and Spanish America. These romantic people in South America want Mexico to become the protective wall for Latin America, and so they exaggerate our abilities, they overlook our defects and insist on believing that Mexico is a country of invincible strength, capable of the most daring enterprises, a nation of liberators, ready to climb the Golgotha and let itself be crucified for the sake of the oppressed races.

ALL this is very fine, but tragic experience teaches us that, though one could count in millions those who encourage us to enter a struggle, no one remains on our side in the terrible moment of liquidating the responsibility. In 1848, when we were compelled to sign the Treaty of Guadalupe, relinquishing Texas, no other country accompanied us to this melancholy Calvary. Fifteen years later, when Mexico fought against the armies of Napoleon III, it was again alone, tragically alone. At the end of 1865, the President of the United States invoked the Monroe Doctrine to demand the withdrawal of the invaders, not so much to free our country as to free his own from the danger of having as a near neighbor a dynastic government intimately allied with a European power.

When, in 1914, Veracruz was bombarded by the navy under Admiral Fletcher and occupied by the forces of General Funston, what nation in the world rose to help Mexico? Argentina, Brazil and Chile intervened, not with vibrant protests, but as friendly mediators. They tried to avoid greater humiliation of Mexico (for which we should always be grateful), but they also gave the United States the opportunity to get out of the mess into which Wilson had put her. Two years later, when Wilson gave the order to invade the State of Chihuahua and sent a punitive expedition after Villa, we found ourselves again, as always, alone.

In recalling these bitter truths we are not trying to demonstrate the egoism of other nations. Nobody helped us because nobody had the means to do so. We do it to point out that no one has a right to demand heroic gestures from Mexico which will not and cannot be supported by the other countries of the New World. The least that a soldier who risks his life in a daring adventure can ask is that the other soldiers in his battalion appreciate his sacrifice and do as much themselves, if necessary. Well, in the army of Spanish America there is nobody who can maintain a heroic position against the United States.

Let us face facts: now is not the time for a struggle against the United States but for harmony with her. The most elementary instinct of self-preservation advises us not to oppose at this moment the Anglo-Saxon colossus which is now rapidly making preparations to affirm its power.

The United States will go to war under very different conditions from those of 1917. Then it felt secure in its territory, which could not be reached offensively by the Old World. That is no longer so. The fantastic progress of aviation has reduced the width of oceans, and although the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

danger of invasion is today remote, it is by no means impossible. In 1917, the North American people fought for the freedom of the seas; that is, for the right to trade outside their own territory. Now they are preparing to fight for their very existence, which they consider threatened.

It was easy in 1917 for a Carranza to flirt with Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. The Government at Washington knew that Mexico's President could do nothing to help the Germans or hurt the United States. There were no fifth columns then, and the whole affair was nothing but fireworks. Now it is different. The international position of Mexico can be of vital importance, so it should not surprise us if one day the United States State Department asks us to define our position clearly in a form which will leave no doubt. And a repetition of Carranza's antics now would be suicidal.

WE CANNOT avoid the dilemma, either for or against the United States. And, as we refuse to hide behind cowardly euphemisms, we do not hesitate to recommend to all Mexicans that they should forget the grievances of the past (at least, in these tragic moments of danger) and decide for the United States. Anything else would be a stupid sacrifice.

AT NIGHT

By STEPHEN SPENDER

During day's foursquare light
All is measured by sight from the outside,
Windows know the relativity of clothes,
On their scaffolding of world.
But at night
Structures are melted in a soft pond
Of darkness up to the stars.
The mind swims, full of lamps,
Among foundations of the epoch.
Clothes fade to the blank curtains
Night draws over the blaze of flesh.
The heart—surrounded by money,
Loaded with a house, and hub-like
Centering spokes of fashionable change—
Grows dizzy at uncertainty,
At life longer than single lives,
At an opening out of spaces
Revealing stars more numerous
Than the overcrowded populace.
Every social attribute gained
Falls into the Milky Way.
The questions so long hidden
Behind the answers of the present
Rise like ghosts from dead places.
Into the hand of one moment
There pour the past races
With eyes opening on plains like flowers,
And the nations to come after
Distant as one point of death dismissed
To an unthinkable future,
Crushed into the bones of now
Knit in a single skin of loneliness.
Oh but the "I" might glide
Here into another such "I,"
Double of its own nakedness;
The heart in the heart of darkness find
Stretching from naked birth to naked
Death, like a mind behind the mind,
Its own inconsolable cry
Which the covering day
Of achievement cannot hide.

—From *New Statesman and Nation*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cry for Help

By WALLACE S. DOOLEY

A FEW of us who were graduated from American universities this spring had jobs waiting. Some of us found work readily enough a few days after Commencement. Others are still searching.

And all of us, whether or not we like to admit it are puzzled. Not scared, exactly, or hysterical—just slightly bewildered. We have suddenly been pitched into a world of confusion that seems overnight to have lost its sense of values.

The question of human values, of course, represents a pretty abstract problem with which the average college graduate of 1940 does not primarily concern himself. Not unnaturally, he is more vitally interested in tackling the realistic issue of earning a living. Yet in the back of his mind, he realizes that the question "Whither human values?" which might also be phrased "Whither human beings?" holds real significance today in his pursuit of security. For what use is there to start building for the future if there can be no reasonable assurance that the future will prove firm enough to support the structure?

Most of us who left college this June were born in the years immediately following the last world conflict. The Allies' declaration of war against Germany last September was our first experience with war on a large scale.

We had been either too young or too adolescent to appreciate the beginnings of the Japanese invasion of China, the significance of Spain's bloody civil war, the Chaco dispute in South America, or even Il Duce's conquest of Ethiopia.

We had, of course, heard our elders discuss the Munich settlement, and later on we debated the plight of the Czechs in bull sessions before the fraternity hearth. But it all seemed vaguely remote from our lives, not a bit as important as jobs, the future, women, prospects for Saturday's football game, and the latest campus scandal.

Nine-tenths of us took the American form of government for granted. We had no doubts of its powers of survival. Had anyone suggested that perhaps our democracy—or our republicanism—might not be invulnerable, we should have scoffed righteously and branded him a propaganda-minded Red. This, we felt, should effectively reduce him to miserable shame and render his remarks impotent.

In about the same ratio we loathed communism—without bothering to investigate the principles of true communism, a far cry from the autocratic bolshevism of Russia today—hated nazism, were suspicious of socialism, and genuinely pitied the Italian living under the iron heel of fascism.

Our remaining 10 per cent, our so-called "liberal" colleagues—an elastic term blanketing all from the most frenzied anarchist to the undergrad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uate who subscribed to New Masses —scornfully denounced us as being "smugly satisfied" with our lot. Probably we were. And why not? Certainly we received all life's benefits without much work to insure their delivery.

WE HAD been taught to abhor war. We understood that humankind had risen above mortal combat as a means of settling its disputes. We may not actually have believed this in full measure, but it was a comforting reflection and we bathed our minds in it without questioning. Our parents or our teachers pointed with pride to the League of Nations at Geneva, a shining monument to man's new humanity to man. Sometimes we asked them why the United States had not joined the League. The only answer was that we Americans did not trust the Europeans, that we Americans were afraid it would be our lot to police the whole world if we lent ourselves to any alliance like the League of Nations. Sometimes this explanation seemed strangely inconsistent with our notion of a brotherhood of men.

Often it became difficult for us to understand. When we went to college we met young men and women from all parts of the world. Students from Japan studied side by side with men from China. German boys worked in the laboratories of our chemistry departments and played baseball afterward with English and French lads. The campus Cosmopolitan club housed fiery Mexicans and Czechs, Turks and Poles. With them all we got along without a hint of trouble.

Existence of a brotherhood of men seemed easy to believe then. And we were quite willing to accept our elders' advice to abhor war. Life was comfortably routine. Our instructors urged us to become more international minded, and explained that uncomfortable ructions appeared near the surface in Europe.

But our bull sessions still dealt mostly with mysterious woman, the rival merits of Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey, football, and jobs. During the summer vacations our fathers had told us business was better, and that if we could only get a Republican in the White House in 1940, industry would surely boom.

The scale of human values appeared comfortably intact in those days. We didn't give the future much thought. Life would go on pretty much as usual, the undergraduate figured. Commencement, work, marriage to some Dream Girl, a home, and retirement at sixty-five interspersed with class reunions and fine Saturday afternoons on the golf links. It was all quite simple, we assured ourselves.

Of course the disturbing rumblings from Europe had grown a bit louder, and a few men just back from the Continent told reporters when they boarded their liners off Quarantine that the United States had better look to its defensive armaments. They attracted scant attention in our circles. We were struggling with more important questions.

Those of us enrolled in political science curricula found that our courses in international law covered wartime jurisprudence, but that the first semester was devoted to discussion of international law in time of peace. Then, if anyone were sufficiently interested, he could continue

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

during the second semester with the study of the wartime law of nations. The impression received was that this phase of the course was not of much importance to the college man at the moment, however.

We dabbled in economics and glanced at international trade in passing, intending to come back to this later. It would wait, we thought. On the side we took a flier in Sociology 5, a new course in human relations that the university register dubbed "The Family." We were preparing for the future in terms we understood.

Life continued on this even keel almost all summer between our junior and senior years. It was a pleasant, restful holiday. Some of us visited the Golden Gate International Exposition at San Francisco and saw the elaborate displays of the neighborly Pacific nations. Others went to New York and marveled at the World of Tomorrow.

September dawned flaming red. It was one year after Munich, when Chamberlain returned to Downing street confident of peace in our time. Poland had capitulated by the time we were back at school for rush week and the start of the fall term. Jokingly we asked the boys in advanced Reserve Officer Training Corps' units how soon they would be leaving for training camp. A student newspaper poll revealed an overwhelming number of our fellows favored the Allied cause, but that an even greater percentage thought we should remain aloof from war. About 80 per cent believed the Allies could win the war without trouble or help.

We lost ourselves in the football season and new campus romances, watched the alumni return to try vainly to pick up threads of college life, picked our all-conference teams and settled back for Thanksgiving vacation at home. Europe was quiet. It was a phony war, we heard. This new war was not to be like the old. It was to be an economic war rather than a military combat. No one would get hurt and it would soon be over, a bloodless victory for the Allies.

There was no criticism of the German people. They were a fine lot of men and women. Too bad they had the misfortune to be led by a maniac.

CONGRESS rushed through air-tight neutrality legislation. We were too occupied with plans for Christmas to ask ourselves, why?

Russian invasion of Finland stunned our varied campuses. For the first time we knew bitterness toward a nation. Many of us cried loudly for financial aid for the stricken Finns. Others attemped to keep the thought of neutrality uppermost in their minds, and firmly opposed any extension of assistance. The so-called "liberals" on the campus stuttered. The student newspaper wrote, "The American Student Union, we believe, has not yet decided if it were invasion or a Sunday School picnic that inadvertently got out of hand."

As thousands of Finns died in the snow of their homeland, and other thousands of Russians fell with them, the scale of values began to lose its comfortable stability. When the Nazi blitzkrieg struck the Scandinavian nations and plunged on into the Low countries, we wondered. And at commencement time, the German army pounded at the very gates of Paris.

Some of us then tried to hearken back to the immediate past and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tighten up our loose thinking. We had started in September with the abhorrence of war very real and the brotherhood of men firmly accepted. We had voted in countless polls to remain neutral in the European war. We had said we believed the Allies entirely capable of victory.

We had felt that our democracy—our republicanism—was secure for all time, and that the United States was safely out of the zone of conflict. We had believed Americans had plenty of domestic problems to solve before looking for trouble overseas. We were not isolationists, we argued, and certainly not dogmatic pacifists. We were, instead, merely exercising unemotional common sense. Then human values had not seemed threatened. The things we prized most and accepted without question had not seemed in danger. We could—and did—separate and classify our thoughts. We were satisfied that we knew what was right, what was good, and what was evil.

—*News of the World*, London

But now suddenly all had changed. It was as if a curtain had swiftly been lifted from in front of a cage of raging beasts, rushing back and forth in ceaseless motion trampling without heed over our pretty thought-classifications, snarling and tearing their way through our standard of human values without pity.

The chaotic scene before our eyes increased in confusion. With the crumbling of Paris, realization struck in full force that life as we understood and accepted it was disappearing from the continent, and dictatorship of the breed we had hissed so vehemently and yet so smugly in our bull sessions was in the ascendancy.

We sat through commencement exercises with the text of President Roosevelt's Charlottesville speech running through our minds. Italy had entered the arena and the United States pledged itself to help the Allies in full measure.

No longer did we jokingly ask the ROTC men when they were leaving for camp. We learned that students in political science courses in international law next fall would find the study of wartime law of nations replacing the discussion of peacetime codes as the first semester necessity.

We were badly confused. Even those of us who found work a few days after Commencement and those of us who went right into jobs after

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taking off cap and gown, were confused. Those who are still searching for work to do were more bewildered.

COULD the comradeship between the German, the Englishman and the Frenchman at the university have been false? Was the Russian youth we knew a "demon" from another world? Were the Japanese and Chinese students working together in Engineering hall pursuing a path that is fictitious? Was the theorist Karl Marx right in his nineteenth-century prediction that the system of capitalism would hurl itself to a final doom in the throes of a cataclysmic war of horror? Is the philosophy of Oswald Spengler the true voice of men? Must war be inevitable and is it glorious?

What are the real human values if life and ways of living can be snuffed out so carelessly and so quickly? Must the price of these values be the death of each generation on the field of battle? What can we as young men do to restore to stability those human values we still believe worthwhile? Must we compromise? Is it, paradoxically, only through entry into war ourselves and destruction for the moment of all we hold dear, that this can be accomplished?

These are the doubts that hang like the sword of Damocles above our heads.

We are not afraid. We are concerned.

WE HAVE confidence in our form of government and in our pattern of life. But we, the Class of 1940, who have taken them for granted and who have taken the future on faith too long, want now to bolster our confidence with answers to our questions. And we want to know—most of all—what are the human values we should cling to in this new world of confusion we are entering today.

ULYSSES

By WALTER DE LA MARE

There was a high ship sailed the main,
Masts to the stars sailed she:
Not a wraith of foam 'neath her figurehead shone
So still was the sea.

Happier the landsman with care distraught
Than mariners winds may cheat,
While the mouths of the guileful sea-maids chaunt
Lament, and the sea-bells beat

A solemn resounding knell, and call
Their souls from their bodies, and wake
A thirst in the eyes no beauty on earth
Hath power to slake.

—*Spectator*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An emigré foreign minister predicts that whoever wins, Italy must lose

The Dilemma of the Fascists

By COUNT CARLO SFORZA

Translated from *Il Mondo*, Italian Liberal Monthly, New York

THOSE of us who have preferred a life of personal and national honor to the path of compromise have long since realized that our lot would be one of tormenting nostalgia for Italy. We knew that fifteen years ago when fascism first became "fashionable" in Europe. We have had to suffer the loss of old friendships, to endure unnerving labor, and to subject ourselves to prolonged exile abroad, where we were treated by most peoples as dangerous Bolsheviks, or at best we have had to endure a kind of pitying superiority from those about us. Indeed, they maintained this "superiority" toward us even in the face of the sheepish submission of the German Social Democrats, in 1933, to the Nazi hoodlums. And seemingly these people are even capable of preserving their air of condescension in France where groups of "patriotic plutocrats" are, in fact, gloating over the most terrible defeat in French history; that defeat, they hope, will nullify all the progress since the Revolution of 1789.

There are few humiliations we have not suffered. We were supported, however, by two compensations: one is the pure joy of duty accomplished and the possession of a clear conscience; and the other is our Italian pride in the truth that during all these melancholy years, anti-fascist emigrés everywhere (save for a few wretched exceptions) have remained more honest, united, disinterested and more steadfast to their ideals than any other exile groups—anti-Nazis, anti-Stalinists, the Spanish Loyalists, or the disinherited Poles and other Slavs. Traitors in our ranks of the Labriola stamp we can count on the fingers of one hand, although there are still too many of them. But a far greater number of betrayers and backsliders exist among other emigré groups.

From Turin to Sicily, where the Fascists are despised except by those feeding at the party trough, there are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tens of thousands of Italians who, despite ferocious persecution, have kept their faith in the political liberalism that stems from the practical genius of Cavour and the unsullied idealism of Mazzini. They have preserved their loyalty to that school of socialism which, while it has been guilty perhaps of unavoidable errors in tactics, has nevertheless been responsible for a greater degree of social justice for millions of Italians. Although compelled to disavow it publicly, in their souls these Italians have not betrayed the principles of Christian democracy, of liberty, as the keystone of their religious faith.

WITH anxiety today depressing the hearts of millions of Italians, because of the new perils which threaten our country, those of us exiles who have never doubted nor hesitated must find new sources of strength. More than ever before we must be protagonists of that spiritual Italian patrimony which fascism has denied, repudiated and obscured. By keeping that flame alive we may save not only the national honor of Italy but also the material interests of our people; and it is only we free Italians who can serve these ends. With heads erect, anti-Fascists in exile can confront the rulers of what remains of Western Democracy, and remind them how, for many years, we have inveighed against their puerile and criminal pro-Fascist illusions.

In this appeal I do not address any of that miserable band of French and British Chamberlains who, in their degraded souls and minds, secretly worshipped fascism because it "kept the rabble in its place"—even when it was plain enough that this fascism harbored designs against their own homelands. Against these traitors we may even defend fascism. For while from Vichy and from Tory salons they extenuate themselves today by charging that they have been betrayed by the entrance of Rome into the war, that is not the truth. Despite what they say, fascism has never disguised its aims. The real traitors in France, as in Britain, are those who have always drooled about the "fatherland," a mouthy synonym in their hearts for their cash investments.

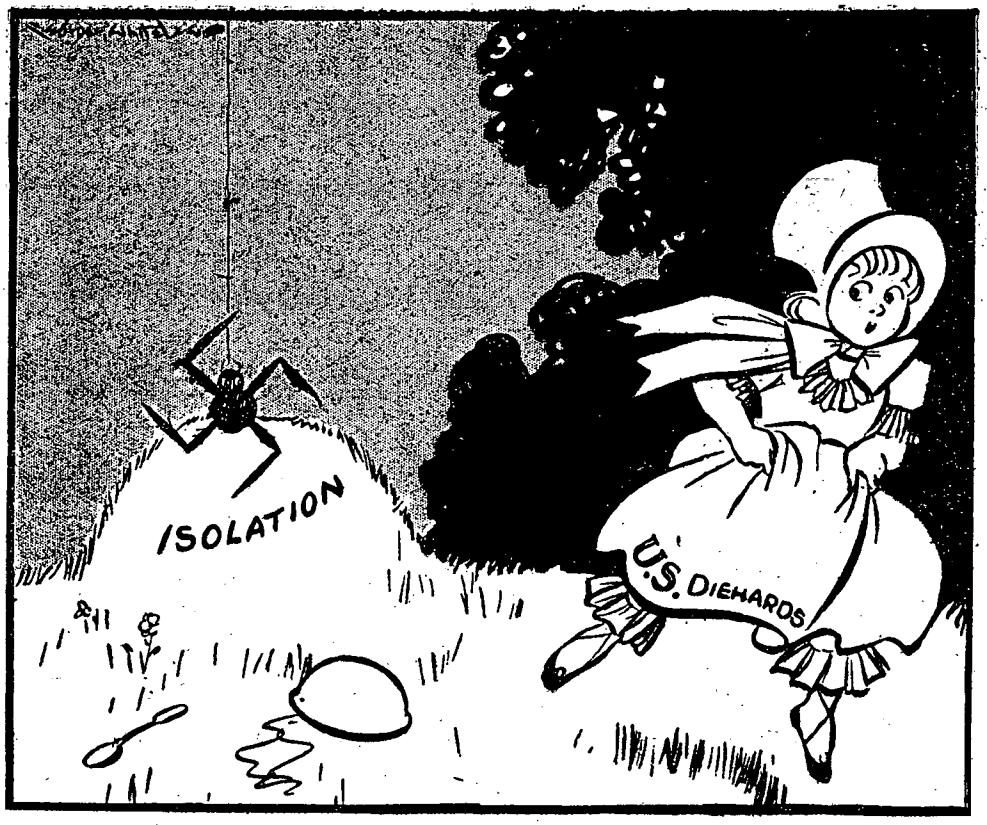
With its pseudo-Roman oratory, fascism has brought our poor Italy to this tragic dilemma: if Britain eventually wins, our people will be despised ten times more than they now are, and a thousand times more than are the Germans, for it will be said of Italian leaders that they cautiously awaited the opportune moment to join the invading Germans. On the other hand, if the Nazis triumph, Italy will become a German colony, and while we may be the nominal rulers, of ill-gotten Mediterranean lands, the real administrators and exploiters will be Nazis, to whom all the profits will go. In any event, in the case of a German victory, we Italians will be driven from that part of the Balkans where, by means of certain treaties and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agreements, I had hoped to create a preferred zone for our economic expansion.

But fascism has not known how to further diplomatic achievements that were not theatrical. Fascism required circus spectacles to deceive our befuddled intellectuals who, like the damned in Dante's *Inferno*, have eyes only with which to look backward. These deluded intellectuals, who perhaps were the only sincere Fascists—because that doctrine finds a response in their mental ineptitude—now contemplate with horror the abyss to which they have been brought by fascism. Now, more than ever before, they are paralyzed with fear.

WE should not hate them; we should feel toward them as we do toward our immature brothers. Let us forget the past. Those among us exiles who saw with clarity from the very beginning should not luxuriate in sterile I-told-you-sos. We should act, each in his own sphere, to serve and to save our country, for its preservation is vital to Europe and the world, just as a free Europe is necessary for the independence and the prosperity of Italy.



"THERE CAME A GREAT SPIDER . . ."

—*Daily Herald*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Persons and Personages

'TRAITOR'

From the *Weltwoche*, Zurich Independent Weekly, and Other Sources

ON August 2 Charles de Gaulle was condemned to death for treason by the Military Tribunal of the Pétain Government, after being convicted on charges of disseminating propaganda against France over the British radio, dealing with a foreign country to promote action against France, inciting French soldiers to enter the service of a foreign country and actions of a nature to expose France to the danger of reprisals. He was also found guilty of desertion and of flight to a foreign country in wartime.

De Gaulle's reply, from London, was, "I shall have a settlement with the men of Vichy after the British victory," and, "The enemy will one day be driven from the soil of France. On that day I will submit myself willingly to the judgment of the French people." In honor of his death sentence he issued a special message to all Frenchmen in Britain, which was printed on handbills bearing the French tricolor, and these were posted throughout England.

Like Churchill, de Gaulle has had the melancholy satisfaction of having been proven right after his advice was disregarded. In his book, *Vers l'armée de métier*, which created something of a sensation in military circles when published in 1934, he wrote:

"Tomorrow the professional army will roll entirely on caterpillars. Every army division and every reserve formation will be taken over mountains and passes in appropriate motorized vehicles. There will be no men, no cannon, no rifles, not a piece of bread which will not be transported this way. A large unit which leaves its position in the morning will be fifty miles from its starting point in the evening. It will need at the most an hour to advance over any kind of ground, no matter how bad, to take a position facing the enemy. It will be able to break the contact and move out of shooting range of the enemy just as fast.

"Armies such as those of 1914 which are slow in their movements and strategic undertakings, have inadequate means of reconnoitering and are dependent on fixed means of communication, can never expose their flanks or their rear. The mobile divisions of the future will be free of these cumbersome considerations."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Such writings brought de Gaulle a reputation as a brilliant young officer among military experts in both Parliament and the Army, and caught the attention of Deputy Paul Reynaud who demanded, as early as 1931, a professional army of shock troops equipped with modern armored cars, troops which would be able to cross frontiers unexpectedly and make it possible for France to come quickly to the assistance of other states with which it made mutual-defence treaties.

However, the supporters of a professional army were in a minority. The politicians in power did not want to hear of it, seeing in it a step toward dictatorship. The French Republic had long prided itself on the democracy of its army, the absence of a military caste. Every Frenchman, wealthy young men and scions of great families as well as peasant boys, had to serve his term in the army. Every Frenchman had some military training but comparatively few made it a lifetime career. A mechanized army would require a large and permanent technical force. The idea was distasteful to the ordinary Frenchman.

Besides, France was suffering from the effects of victory. When, at Versailles, Germany was requested to deliver over or destroy all her armaments, General von Seeckt, who later devised a large share of the new methods which Germany has used in the present war, is reported to have said, "This is a great boon for us, because it will force us to think out new war methods, to create new armaments, and that alone—if nothing else—will enable us to build a new army which will be really capable of winning the coming war." France, on the other hand, had found the methods of 1914 successful in 1918 and was not prepared to abandon them.

So, when Reynaud, in 1935, introduced a bill in Parliament for the creation of ten armored and motorized divisions, it was promptly rejected. In vain, he made a tragic prophecy:

"Let us imagine there is war tomorrow and Belgium is conquered. This has happened before. If we are not able to come to her assistance immediately, to help her hold her eastern frontier, what will happen? Probably, what has happened before. It is possible that the Belgian army will be pushed away from the sea, and this means for us 217 miles of open French frontiers on the north which we will have to defend. Is there anyone here who can reconcile himself to the prospect of our valuable northern provinces being torn again from our Fatherland?"

The answer to the Reynaud-de Gaulle argument, from the army commission of the Chamber of Deputies, delivered by M. Senac, was that the creation of such a special corps "might contribute an undeniable element of power to the French Army," but that it was neither desirable nor possible because it was against "logic and history."

MEANWHILE, Hitler was paying no attention to "logic and history." *L'Echo de Paris* in February 1936 described the composition of the three *Panzerdivisionen*—armored and mechanized tank divisions—which Germany had already organized, with three more planned. Each consisted of a brigade of 500 modern tanks; one brigade of mechanized infantry; one brigade of mechanized artillery, equipped for mobility

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PALO ALTO
PUBLIC LIBRARY
READING ROOM

on any kind of terrain and one organized aviation squadron. The personnel was made up of professional army men, career soldiers and enlisted graduates of the National Socialist automobile corps. "In other words," wrote *L'Echo*, "the Reich is now preparing a corps of specialized élite ready to march at the first signal and having an extraordinary power of maneuvering and attack. . . . France should accept the necessary reforms of its military system. There is in our army an élite officer [de Gaulle] who can supply the formula . . . but it is Germany who has accepted the idea and will use it."

Pierre Fervaque of *Le Temps* quotes a conversation with de Gaulle at that time, "a tall, pale young man, modest and unobtrusive. With a melancholy smile, he explained, 'I do not doubt that they will later accept my theories, but I am afraid that it will be very much too late.' " He remained an obscure "tank expert" with a bee in his bonnet.

In January 1940, in the course of the "dull war," de Gaulle tried again. He sent General Gamelin a memorandum analyzing the new type of warfare which Germany was waging and deprecating the policy of passive resistance which France was pursuing. The first World War, he said, had demonstrated the impotence of the system of massed armies, clashing in furious battles for four years without either side gaining appreciable ground. "But the power which massed troops are now finally losing is becoming the function of a new system. The fighting motor restores and multiplies the qualities that have always been the basis of the offensive. Acting in three dimensions, moving in each of them faster than any living thing, able to carry great weights of arms or armor, it now occupies a preponderate place in the scale of war values and is ready to renew the fading art." He felt that the only reason Hitler had not crushed France in September was because he then still lacked sufficient mechanical equipment, but, after the success of the Polish dress rehearsal, "If the enemy has not already formed a mechanical force sufficient to break our defence lines, everything shows that he is working at this task. . . . Technique and industry are able to build tanks which, if used in masses as they should be, could surmount both our active and our passive defences."

Gamelin threw this memorandum in the wastebasket.

DE GAULLE was graduated from the French military academy of St. Cyr in 1911 at the age of twenty-one. he entered the first World War as a lieutenant. (His colonel was Pétain.) After being wounded on August 15, 1914, he was a few months later placed at the head of a company. He was wounded again twice and received the Croix de Guerre for bravery in action before he was captured by the Germans in the Battle of Verdun in 1916.

After the war, he spent a year and a half in Poland and then became a teacher at Saint Cyr. Later, he was given a post in the War Ministry and then commissioned as a colonel in command of an armored tank car division. He distinguished himself in his command in the present war and was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. Early in June, only a couple of weeks before the French collapse,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was appointed Under-Secretary of War in the cabinet of his old ally, Reynaud.

When Reynaud was forced to resign, de Gaulle was in London where he had been sent on a mission. Immediately after news was received of the signing of the armistice at Compiègne, he appointed himself leader of the French outside France and broadcast an appeal to "all Frenchmen of the land armies, the naval forces, the air forces, the engineers and the specialists and workmen of the armament industry who may be in British territory or who can come there to join me. . . . There are many Frenchmen who will not accept either capitulation or slavery for reasons that can best be described as honor, common sense and the highest interests of the country. . . . The same conditions of warfare which resulted in our being beaten by 5,000 planes and 6,000 tanks could tomorrow give us victory with 20,000 tanks and 20,000 planes."

On Generalissimo Weygand's motion, de Gaulle was immediately stripped of his military rank, court-martialed and sentenced to four years imprisonment. This he ignored and continued appealing by regular radio broadcasts to "free Frenchmen" everywhere to rally to his French National Committee, which has headquarters in the former office of a paint firm at 4 Carlton Gardens, London, on the site of what was once Lord Palmerston's home. A new French Army has been organized, part of the French Navy has joined the British, and French colonies throughout the world (as New Caledonia, in the Pacific) are being encouraged to disregard the armistice and continue fighting with Britain.

THE coupling of "honor and common sense" in his first radio broadcast is de Gaulle's keynote. "Long live France, free in honor and independence," but to preserve and recapture such a life, have the common sense to build more tanks and planes than the enemy.

OLD FRIEND OF THE AXIS

By ALBERT MILLER

WITH England and France eliminated as factors in the continental situation, Germany and Italy are now masters of those parts of the Balkans on which Russia has not yet laid hands. As yet, only Rumania has installed a cabinet which fully complies with German wishes, but Bulgaria and Yugoslavia are feeling the pressure increasingly.

The probable puppet head of the Nazi regime in Yugoslavia would be Dr. Milan Stoyadinovitch, now held prisoner in a lonely village by his successor. Stoyadinovitch is due for some reward for the services he rendered the Axis Powers in the days of his former premiership when he was supposedly allied with his country's old friends, France and Great Britain.

The Balkans have never suffered for want of colorful and versatile

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

politicians, and Stoyadinovitch is in the tradition. He is a jovial, handsome man whose dash is only slightly marred by an embonpoint attributable to his over-fondness for the good beer of Munich. However, in spite of his expansiveness and his winning smile, his political successes have been mainly due to his shrewdness rather than to his popularity with the masses of his countrymen. His Machiavellianism was always a little too obvious. A democrat one day and an equally "convinced" Fascist the next, as the situation demanded, his shifts have been so abrupt that he has even lost the politician's knack of making them sound convincing.

Stoyadinovitch became Premier after the 1935 elections. Before that he had done well as Minister of Finance, stabilizing the national currency and balancing the budget. His financial abilities had been acquired as a successful businessman with a finger in many pies. These private interests were one of the complications of his political career, for in spite of his natural pro-Axis leanings, he had a number of remunerative connections with British and French companies, including the great Agence Financière et Economique, which he was unwilling to sacrifice. His strongest bond with the Italians and with the Germany of pre-Soviet-Pact days was his violent anti-communism. At one time he even raised Italian hopes that Yugoslavia would join the Anti-Comintern Pact.

When he visited Paris in 1937, the French made a last effort to dissuade him from lining up with the two dictators and were most cordial, in spite of their suspicions that he was aiming at the dissolution of the Little Entente and was attempting to persuade the members of that now deceased Central European alliance to break their ties with France. Earlier, in 1936, Dr. Edward Bénes had also worked hard to strengthen the bonds between Jugoslavia and her old friends, Great Britain and France. At that time the influence of the Regent, Prince Paul, was strong enough to at least halt any attempt of the Premier to march Jugoslavia into the Axis camp, though he could not prevent Stoyadinovitch's subsurface intrigue.

On March 25, 1937, a treaty between Italy and Jugoslavia was concluded, and in December of that year the Jugoslav Premier paid a visit to Rome. This trip was said to be in connection with shifting arms orders, which formerly had gone to France and Czechoslovakia, to the Axis manufacturers. When he visited Berlin early in 1938, he still insisted, however, that the official communiqué issued during his visit include a reference, after praise of the friendly relations between Germany and Jugoslavia, to "existing friendship with other states." When the visit was repeated some time later, this reference was omitted.

The friendship with Germany had a realistic basis. Trade with her was more profitable than with the Western Powers. True, the latter paid cash, while Germany's trade was founded on barter. But Germany took more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

goods. So German trading companies were organized, antimony mines near Chachak were sold to the Reich, and the way was cleared for Nazi propaganda to the German minority in Jugoslavia.

Stoyadinovitch praised the Austrian Anschluss as "a good thing for the international situation." He saw in it the defeat of his enemies, the Communists and the Croats, and at the same time a proof of the weakness of the democracies. But he annotated a promise by Hitler that Jugoslavia's frontiers would be held sacred, with the comment, "You know what Teutonic promises are worth." The opposition accused him of having made the Anschluss possible by his faithlessness to the Little Entente.

MEANWHILE, his tactics of playing one side against the other were proving less successful in internal affairs. He tried to please the Roman Catholic Croat minority by pushing through a Concordat with the Vatican. This went down very badly in a country where nearly half the population —and the politically dominant group —belong to the Serbian Orthodox Church. The Lower Chamber approved the Concordat anyway, but the Synod of the Orthodox Church then promptly excommunicated the Premier. Stoyadinovitch announced that it would not be submitted to the Senate for ratification and was restored to religious favor, but the affair had been politically damaging.

Neither had his abortive effort on their behalf gained him anything with the Croats, who were demanding political as well as religious autonomy. They felt so bitter against Stoyadinovitch that their leader, Dr. Vladimir Matchek, declared that in case of war the Croats would line up with whichever side fought against the Belgrade Government.

Another cause of general dissatisfaction was that the economic help which had been promised by Yugoslavia's reconciled enemy, Italy—or, rather, Stoyadinovitch's new friend, Mussolini—was not forthcoming.

However, Stoyadinovitch felt he could rely on the Army, the Radical party—which he himself had founded —and certain other friendly political groups. When the December 1938 elections came around these groups received a Parliamentary majority of 60 per cent with the slogan "One King, One State, One People," as against the Croats' watchword of "Federalization," but this was not considered a favorable result for one who controlled the political set-up of the country and had ample opportunity to falsify the election returns. Stoyadinovitch hastily tried again to make some minor concessions to the Croats, but in February 1939 his Cabinet fell, to be succeeded by the present one headed by Dragisha Cvetkovitch. Some months later, after the demands of the Czechs had been granted and Parliamentary democracy re-established, the Croat leader, Dr. Matchek, became Vice Premier.

Difficult times came for the ex-Premier. They began with an examination by the police, who wanted to know what had happened to a large block of shares belonging to the Government's newspaper, *Vremje*. Stoyadinovitch refused the requested information. Neither was he helpful in explaining who had paid for the new printing plant and why the presses which had come from Germany had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been marked "Paid," while the books showed no entries of payment.

The next blow was his exclusion from his own Radical party. Undaunted, Stoyadinovitch tried to climb the political ladder again and created the Serbian Radical party which was to form the spearhead of the Opposition. The new party began distributing circulars advocating return to Stoyadinovitch's policy, i. e., friendship with the Axis, and it was rumored that the ex-Premier had already been selected by Hitler as his country's Quisling. In April of this year, the police descended on him, searched his house very thoroughly and hustled him off to the country, announcing officially that "no questions of foreign policy are involved." Stoyadinovitch was transferred several times and, according to latest reports, is now under guard in the lonely village of Karan.

LEFT MEETS RIGHT

By KINGSLEY MARTIN

From *Picture Post*, London Weekly

(Editor's Note: Ellen Wilkinson, whose leftish history is described below, was brought into the British Government by the Conservative Winston Churchill. She is Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Pensions, her special concern being war service grants to fighting men. After her interview with the Prime Minister, she reported: "I came away feeling that he was a very great Englishman. At this time I do not think that anyone else could command such loyalty.")

ELLEN WILKINSON'S father began as a cotton operative, and she was brought up in one of those countless and dreary little houses which make up most of the ugly streets which, in conglomeration, we call Manchester. She won scholarships and earned her way to Manchester University. She was an ardent worker for women's suffrage, and when the suffrage movement split over the war, she joined the Women's International League, an organization which was strong in Manchester and which was opposed to the war. During the Irish "troubles," Ellen was soon on the war path against the Black and Tans and was in Cork when the shooting was fierce. Afterward she went to give evidence about it in the United States. Her political life proper began when the organization of distributive workers, which afterwards became known as N.U.D.A.W., decided to nominate a candidate for Parliament, and chose her by ballot. She has remained secretary of N.U.D.A.W. ever since. After standing unsuccessfully at Ashton-under-Lyne, she entered Parliament as Member for Middlesborough in 1924. She made something of a sensation. Cartoonists loved to depict a woman M.P. (she was one of the first) who was so small and pert and irrepressible and who stood up so valiantly to the big guns. She continued to represent Middlesborough until she lost her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seat with most other Labor members in 1931. In 1935 she returned as member for Jarrow.

I doubt if she was ever much more busy than during the period when she was out of Parliament. Apart from her trade-union activities and a visit of inquiry to India, she discovered herself as a highly successful popular journalist, at the risk of some criticism from left-wing friends who said she was selling herself to the capitalist press. But it was Hitler who occupied most of her time. She was in Germany during the Terror that followed the Reichstag fire. And she was an indefatigable worker and speaker for the anti-Nazi cause. At that time her flat was a center of organization; there was this man or that woman to rescue from Germany, next week's meetings to arrange, and this propaganda or that piece of news to get over to the public which had to be awakened to the realities of Hitlerism. Nor was Germany the only Continental country where the workers' cause called for ardent advocacy and active intervention. Ellen was one of a small party which went out to Spain after the massacre of the Asturian miners who had risen against the bourgeois government. She did as much as anyone in this country to explain to popular audiences the full danger of the growing strength of fascism in Europe.

Later, when the Spanish struggle had turned into a bitter civil war, Ellen was again an indefatigable leader, visiting the battleground of the Spanish workers, and incidentally of democracy in Europe, in the House of Commons, and on platforms all over the country. I recall one particular incident in which Ellen played a central part. In a great hall in Paris a huge Popular Front demonstration had been called to protest against General Franco's habit of bombing open towns. The official speakers were highly respectable; they included Lord Cecil, Paul Boncour, Pierre Cot and Marcel Cachin, the French Communist leader. Somewhat unexpectedly Passionaria, the amazingly eloquent Spanish Communist woman who had done so much to rouse the Spanish workers to resist, also appeared on the platform. All the audience wanted to hear her. But there was a private agreement with the French authorities, neutral in the struggle, that Passionaria should not speak. The audience yelled for her until the platform speakers gave it up and marched out. Ellen, always one to take the initiative, climbed on to the platform and seized the microphone. The noise stopped. It was a great moment. Unfortunately it was also an anti-climax. Someone had switched off the microphone.

I have written here about the anti-Fascist struggle. But in fact, of course, the largest share of Ellen Wilkinson's life has been devoted to the problem of improving the condition of the workers at home. There were strikes, there was the General Strike in 1926, there was the great Hunger March when she led the workers to Jarrow to demand their rights in London, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there was a constant agitation against the system that left one of the most thickly populated and highly industrialized parts of England derelict, because it did not pay the employers to build the ships that England today so badly needs. There were endless Parliamentary questions to ask, and a Private Bill successfully pushed through the House to stop frauds perpetrated on the public in the name of hire purchase.

AS ONE surveys this career, one realizes that Ellen was a better leader than follower. She could not help being a star turn and taking more of the limelight than some less enterprising colleagues thought desirable. She made a special place for herself in the Labor party as a sort of rebel leader who was yet the representative of a big trade union, and who could not be purged when other rebels were turned out for association with Communists. Ellen has never forgotten her working-class origin or for a moment lost contact with the rank and file of the movement. That has not prevented her from hobnobbing with the rich and making friendly contacts with those whose privilege she bitterly attacked. She has brought off the difficult feat of being an established trade-union leader and member of Parliament and becoming, finally, a member of the Executive of the Labor party—without ever being seriously accused of getting out of touch with the working-class electorate which trusted her. Such a career is itself an interesting commentary on the social system of England, where born revolutionaries have the scope to express themselves and get something useful done for the workers. Today, at the moment of extreme national danger, the Labor Party has been called in to save the sum of things even at the eleventh hour. And amongst these practical and patriotic Labor leaders—described not long ago by Conservatives as "red revolutionaries who would ruin the country" and now called upon to pull the country together—is Ellen Wilkinson.

Mail From Sweden

Since Italy declared war, the dispatch of letters to England and to the United States from Sweden has become extremely cumbersome. To send a letter, for example, from Göteborg to London today, it must be directed via Moscow and Siberia to the United States and thence across the Atlantic—virtually the entire distance around the globe. Letters to the United States may be routed via Petsamo, several times a month, but even by the westbound voyage over the Atlantic it is weeks before mail arrives at its destination. The Swedish postal authorities are seeking a way of routing mail to England via the Balkans, and thence to Italy and Portugal, but no agreement has yet been reached.

—*Svenska Dagbladet*, Stockholm

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That remains her most potent weapon, whatever direction the war may take

Britain's Ace Is the Blockade

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

PARLIAMENT has debated economic warfare in secret session. Hitler's military victories have radically changed the political map and strategical disposition of Western Europe. German propagandists are already claiming that Britain's weapon of blockade has been decisively blunted. The claim is premature, and its refutation can be simply summarized. The new ramshackle empire of Nazi Germany is little nearer to self-sufficiency in essential war materials than the Third Reich was a year ago. Politically, it will now be easier, not harder, for Britain to cut off the flow of overseas supplies to the enemy. Strategically, Britain's superior strength at sea, the basis of the blockade arm, is still not visibly impaired.

It should be emphasized, however, before these points are examined in detail, that the power of blockade, as an instrument of military success, has been consistently overstated since last September. It could never be more than a means to the end of victory in the field, and it was heartening to hear the Minister of Economic Warfare refer to that warfare as only one among many weapons. The aim of blockade and other methods of exerting pressure upon the enemy's war economy is simply to weaken his powers of attack and endurance. Without parallel steps to strengthen those powers on this side of the battle, by the full mobilization of economic resources, the efficacy of blockade is a mirage, a delusion comparable to the Maginot-complex that bemused and enervated France.

Nevertheless, blockade remains a major and indispensable weapon, which will play a crucial part in the further stages of the war. Its use is based upon the enemy's lack of materials which his war industries and fighting forces need—metals, alloys, textiles, rubber, vegetable oils, animal feeding stuffs, farm fertilizers and oil. The index of striking power in modern war is power to produce, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first question now is whether Germany's conquests have yielded supplies of the basic materials of production to make up her former deficiencies. The answer is an encouraging one, except in the important instances of iron and steel and aluminum. True, Germany controls, by occupation, intimidation or alliance, practically the whole of Europe outside the expanding sphere of Soviet Russia; but Europe is far from able to supply her own needs of either raw materials or foodstuffs.

BY the invasion and conquest of Norway, the Germans insured their supplies of Swedish iron ore and Scandinavian timber. From the industries of Southern Norway, engaged in processing *imported* metals and alloys, they gained nothing but accumulated stocks. By the occupation of Denmark, they seized an option upon stocks and current supplies of Danish farm produce, but simultaneously the Danes lost the overseas supply of feeding-stuffs and fertilizers upon which their farming relied. So, too, with invaded Holland, whose agriculture is peculiarly dependent upon imports. The usefulness of the textile factories and secondary industries of the Low Countries and France will be sharply limited by the cutting-off of imported materials—cotton, wool, copper, zinc and oilseeds. The coal secured in Holland, Belgium and Northern France is not needed now (except perhaps to eke out Italy's meager supplies), since both Germany and conquered Poland normally sold large quantities of coal abroad—though, if the Germans attempt to make full use of the industrial capacity they have captured, they will find themselves short of coal for either domestic or factory use, or both.

The case of iron is, unfortunately, very different. Before the war only a quarter of the Reich's iron ore requirements were mined in Germany. The rest came from Sweden, France and Spain. France was hostile when hostilities broke out and Spain was inaccessible. Now, the immediate Allied threat to ore supplies from Sweden has gone—though the blockading of ice-free Narvik should be possible again next winter; Lorraine and Luxemburg are in German hands; and German troops are on the frontier of non-belligerent Spain. It remains to be seen whether Germany or Italy (poorer still in iron) will be able to broach the ore resources of North Africa. A stringent and comprehensive collection of scrap metal has been carried out and is being extended to the occupied territories; and there should be little difficulty in producing, with the aid of French and Belgian steelworks, all the crude steel that Germany needs. The capacity of the French, Belgian and Luxemburg steel industries in peacetime was nearly 17,000,000 tons to add to Germany's own steel capacity of 26,000,000 tons.

Even so, the steel problem will not be solved in Germany. Munitions steel requires more than iron, scrap and plant for its manufacture. Steel alloys are needed to give the metal special qualities—manganese, nickel, tungsten and chrome. Both Germany and German-controlled Europe are seriously deficient in all of these, and it does not seem likely that Soviet Russia (or Jugoslavia, Greece and Turkey, in the case of chromium alone) will be able or willing to reduce this gap appreciably.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To this large but qualified gain in steel, aluminum must be added. Germany herself has no bauxite at all for making aluminum, but France is the world's largest producer. Aluminum is of great importance in the manufacture of aircraft, and Germany has had to rely hitherto on Hungary, Jugoslavia and Italy for bauxite. Much of these imports had normally been brought by sea in peacetime, and until France collapsed bauxite might have been scarce. Now, there should be no shortage of aluminum for Hitler's warplanes.

Nevertheless, on balance, Germany's vulnerability to economic pressure has been little altered. Warplanes and tanks need oil and gas, and apart from captured stocks Western Europe has yielded no oil at all for the invaders. Italy, too, has very little oil apart from what was accumulated during the months of her nonbelligerency; and from every accessible source of supply (excluding Russia) Germany can obtain no more than twelve million tons a year, even assuming that every ton of Rumanian oil goes to the Reich, and that adequate transport facilities are available. The normal peacetime consumption of Europe (without Russia) is considerably more than twice that.

The food position, too, will be serious. Blockaded, German Europe is potentially worse off than Germany was before. Normally, Europe is a net importer of all the basic foodstuffs except potatoes. For all kinds of animal feeding stuffs and many fertilizers, as well as for edible oils, European agriculture is very largely dependent upon imported supplies that the blockade can now cut off.

In sum, therefore, Germany's economic gains by conquest are not enough to weaken Britain's blockade weapon very much. The invaders have, admittedly, captured stocks of food, oil, war equipment and raw materials as well as scrap of all descriptions. But most of these stocks cannot be replaced in Europe. They are short-term gains only. While they last, Germany is undoubtedly stronger than she was before the campaign of Western Europe began, but it is now the task of blockade to insure that she will never be so strong again.

Before the blitzkrieg started, the Allied blockade was hampered by the existence on Germany's borders of neutral countries whose right to trade with the outside world was fully recognized. Countries like Italy, and to a lesser extent Holland, were inevitably corridors for trade with Germany. Within their frontiers, stocks heaped up for the Germans to seize when they chose. The only means of limiting the usefulness of neighboring neutrals to the enemy was by agreement; but the war-trade agreements could not bar the door as blockade can. There remain only Portugal, Spain, the Balkans and Soviet Russia. For the moment it is not Russia's interest to hew wood and draw water for the Reich, and it should be well within the capacity of seapower and firm diplomacy to seal the gaps and starting holes still left.

At bottom, it is a simple strategical problem. So long as the British Navy can command the Atlantic sea routes, the Mediterranean approaches, the Western Mediterranean and the Levant, Hitler's military successes make very little difference to the pattern of economic warfare, unless they lead to decisive changes at sea. As

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Napoleon found, the British blockade cannot be beaten on land.

The final question, then, is: has the strategical position at sea been altered? On the North Sea and in the Channel, Germany has sea and air bases to attack our Navy and merchant ships. The swollen Reich has a Western seaboard of 2,000 miles, with a host of ports and harbors. Nominally, at any rate, the Italian navy is in active co-operation with the Germans; and, although the attempt to snatch the French fleet has been largely frustrated, we must miss the full aid of that fleet in the work of convoy and contraband control.

The proof of the pudding will be in the eating. It remains to be seen whether the Axis Powers can effect any decisive change in the balance of power at sea. There is nothing to suggest that they can. German submarines and bombers have so far failed to disturb the carrying-out of the Navy's daily duties. The Italian Navy has shown no confidence in its power to wrest supremacy in the Mediterranean from the British. And the Reich's far-flung coastline in Western Europe adds little to the difficulty of blockade. The British blockade is based upon control of the high seas which is not perceptibly in danger. It is a long-distance blockade. Ships can be intercepted and cargoes sifted long before a European land-fall is made. Tactically, Germany with more ports and bases is better off than she was. Strategically, she has made no advance, unless she can turn the tables, either by invading and subjugating the British Isles themselves or by isolating them, cutting off vital supplies by sinking ships and blocking ports. Germany cannot beat the blockade. She can only try to defeat the blockaders.

It is a question of seapower and air strength; and it will be decided in battle. Meanwhile, Britain's superiority in the economic war remains. Britain is cut off from most of Europe's trade. She has lost Sweden's iron ore; Norway's refined and processed metals; Scandinavian timber; food from Denmark and Holland; Belgian steel; and bauxite, fruit and vegetables from France. Trade in iron ore and copper from Spain and North Africa is uncertain. Trade in the Mediterranean is temporarily cut off. But these are not lasting blows, because the resources of the entire world outside are accessible. More steel can be shipped from North America to make up for lost iron ore, and more oil; more food from the Empire; more bauxite from North America and Dutch Guiana; more timber from Canada and the United States. The real limiting factors, unless and until British seapower is significantly shaken, are the tons of shipping space available, the amount of foreign exchange and, above all perhaps, the capacity and accessibility of British ports—not the war or the enemy. The tables are not turned yet.

THE Battle of Britain is a battle for the seas as well. While it lasts, the blockade will hurt the enemy very little. But, if and when it is won, economic pressure will tell progressively as the months pass. Hitler has not broken out of Europe and the grip of Britain; and there is every reason for the most rigorous blockade of all Europe, without exception, to the end of that unhappy continent's eventual enfranchisement, prosperity and peace.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One authority says Nazi triumphs demand her co-operation with U. S.

Argentina Reconsiders

By ROBERTO S. GIUSTI

From *Nosotros*, Buenos Aires Liberal Monthly

WE, THE freedom-loving men of the world, lost a great battle, perhaps the decisive battle, with the capitulation of France. Events are so overwhelming that words appear vain and ridiculous, that the most emphatic adjectives are without meaning. The storm of happenings sweeps us away without giving us time to think of anything beyond the commonplaces of daily press reports. The invasion of Norway in April is now almost ancient history.

The improbable has become part of the routine of daily events. Armies of hundreds of thousands of soldiers are surrendering. The Maginot Line, which was expected to defy the most violent attacks, was of as much service in the hour of trial as a ditch which a child might have scooped out on a beach in Brittany. Enterprises which appeared suicidal have succeeded overnight. We have seen the victor of Verdun imploring mercy from the enemy soldiers. Maybe by the time these lines reach the reader, the British Isles will know the horror of invasion which, until yesterday, blind British pride laughed off contemptuously as impossible. It must be recognized that this theatrical and harsh demagogue, whom Charlie Chaplin believed such a perfect subject for ridicule, is an extraordinary political and military strategist and a baffling sophist. It seems that the statesmen of the democratic countries have disdained to read *Mein Kampf*, thinking it only a fairy tale to frighten little children. They have ignored books of such documental value as that of the German, Rauschning, and all the others which have explained to the world Hitler's thoughts and aspirations. The errors and lack of foresight of these gentlemen, as well as their crimes against the true cause of democracy, make an impressive list. Did Germany construct its thousands of tanks and planes in some secret underground galleries that they should have passed unnoticed by the agents of the Intelligence Service? This,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

however, should not lead us to conclude that democracy as a system of government has broken down, for political institutions are not supposed to have war as their only aim, nor has the war yet been finally won by Germany. The fact of having lost opportunities because of having maintained certain moral principles and having kept the given word, will always be to the honor of the democracies, even if they perish.

On the other hand, it could be argued that Caesarism is exposed to no less stupidity, blindness and improvision. Wilhelm II lost the other war, and Benito Mussolini, whoever is victorious, will lose the present one for Italy, while the people of England and North America can still make their own decisions. Churchill and Roosevelt speak to their compatriots as to free men with free consciences. Hitler and Mussolini only give orders to their peoples—when to march to kill and to die.

While the juggernaut of war rumbled over the desolate fields of France, the United States, although virtually at war already, had to admit that it was unable to stop the immediate victory of the totalitarian countries over the democracies. It was psychologically unprepared to appreciate the magnitude of the danger (I speak of the masses), just as it was militarily unprepared. Let us hope that its help will not come too late.

WE HAVE built up illusions of the possible salvation in America of the institutions of so-called Western civilization, should Europe collapse. Shall we lose this hope also?

If Germany is victorious, the fate of America is probably settled. The ambition of subjugating the whole world has passed from the sphere of a dream to that of realization, with that terrible efficiency so characteristic of the Germans. What does the Führer hold in readiness for us? His aspiration, served by an extraordinary political shrewdness, is known. It is the domination of the world by a hierarchical system at the head of which there will be a new nobility of barbarous and ruthless chieftains and below, in successive layers, secondary chiefs and technicians, his *gauleiters*, with the German people a meek, industrious, happy flock and the "protected" people reduced to slavery. That South America enters into this program is well-known and easy to prove. Can anyone deny the existence in this country of a vast and subtle network of espionage, propaganda and treason? This is slowly paralyzing our resistance to a danger which is no longer remote, if Hitler finds us as morally disarmed as we are materially.

A vast plan for the conquest of Uruguay has been made public. It was denounced and discussed in the Uruguayan Chamber of Deputies. Preparations were discovered for blowing up ships anchored in the harbor of Buenos Aires, as well as suspicious secret associations and dangerous plots in this country.

Then we read the authoritative revelations of Dorothy Thompson, explaining with perfect clarity Hitler's plan for economic and political domination of the world. According to this well-informed North American newspaper woman, the Germans think "that within the democratic system, the workers have shown that they are interested only in eating and work-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing and that they do not care anything about the problems of national independence and still less of individual liberty." And she adds, "The remnants of the ideas and myths of the pre-Hitler era which may still survive among the workers, will easily be extirpated by the Gestapo." And, further on, "The democracies educated their people, the masters as well as the simple workers, to believe in money only."

Those of us who still believe in something other than eating and working, those of us who still care to belong to an independent nation and enjoy individual liberties, are now forewarned. They will call us the servants of British capitalism. But British capitalism, together with European immigration, accomplished in this country a civilizing historical mission, in spite of all the grievances we may hold against it. Who will deny that we will gain nothing by a change? Economic slavery would be harder, the political slavery complete. The personal slavery would be painful and detestable. They say that we are the farm of the British Empire; its factory, according to others. In a German New World, we would be coolies.

IS THERE any political morality, as it was understood by even the most cynical before 1914, in the logic of the dictators of the twentieth century? So it remains to be seen whether there may not yet be a German-Russian war, in spite of the agreement between the two countries which stupefied the whole world when it was made. It is not to be supposed that Stalin has for one moment forgotten Hitler's plans concerning his eastern frontiers and his opinions about the Slavic world bordering Germany. The occupation of Poland, the Finnish war, the subjection of Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia are to establish defensive lines for the next war. Why could it not be an alliance with a revolutionary France?

The Communists rub their hands at the German hecatomb. According to them, after it will come the Russian steam roller. The first is clearing the road for the latter. "The plutocracies of the West and its gold, enslaving the proletariat, will be destroyed, and a new era of economic equality will be established on the ruins of capitalism." But one need not be a wizard to foresee by now that the outbreak of a revolutionary movement on the Communist order, in a Europe laid waste by a long war, will result in an era of anarchy, misery and extermination. The Middle Ages would come again to the world. This social and moral chaos of indefinite duration, of which the present migrations of whole peoples and the general disorder in Europe are only a pale anticipation, may bring about the end of a civilization, whether it be called Western or Christian, whose spiritual values we wish to see saved for America.

Furthermore, suppose that, after the improbable Soviet defeat of Germany, communism establishes itself triumphantly in Europe. The belief nurtured by so many that imperialism is only a result of capitalism has been cruelly refuted by the expansionist policy of the Soviet Union. No Marxist-dialectic ratiocination of certain groups can now deny this.

The Argentine people—I mean the workers, not the big landowners and rich industrialists—will find no alleviation whatsoever of their present politi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cal and economic problems in German and Slavic recipes, nor in Caesarian or totalitarian systems of any kind. Our parliamentary politics and our local chieftains certainly do not satisfy our high patriotic ideals, but native fascism will recruit its chiefs and servile underlings from among the same elements which rule us today. It is a problem of political culture and social morality. For this reason, we Argentinians must desire the final triumph of the democracies, now supported by the enormous power of the greatest nation of this Hemisphere.

Democratic institutions need not imply economic inequality, the want of many and the enjoyment of life by a few. Identified in the nineteenth century with bourgeois economy, they are by no means incompatible with another economy which, safeguarding the fundamental liberties of the individual, can harmonize a fertile liberalism with the wider aspects of social organization. From this union, without forcing society into a rigid and uniform system, may be born a greater justice in the distribution of the good things of life. The capitalism which was engendered in the nineteenth century and still survives in the non-totalitarian nations of Europe and in America, will be profoundly changed whatever the result of the war.

What have we done to adapt ourselves to this transformation, to anticipate the inevitable?

Aside from those advances in this country which parallel the mechanical progress of the whole world, a greater industrial development and certain well-intentioned legislative reforms, we are today where we were twenty years ago. Not one fundamental problem has been solved. Alarming demographic statistics; physical and economic misery of a large part of the population; absentee landlordism; the handing over of land to grasping foreign companies; the expansion of gigantic monopolies; lack of a merchant marine; petty and short-sighted, indifferent and verbose politics; a continuous increase in bureaucracy; schools of pure external formalism, without deeper content in their teaching; growing unemployment—all this is but a small part of the problems we must face, together with a future which may become very hard for a nation which up to now has rested passively on the exportation of its meat, its wool and its wheat.

BUT ALL this is a separate chapter to be treated carefully and at greater length. I believe that none of these problems are beyond solution within our constitutional régime of liberty. Brutal force imposed on our citizens will not improve them either morally or politically. Force only obliges silence about evils which, in our régime of freedom of opinion, may now be discussed according to anyone's knowledge and conscience. I know that there are young men today who are convinced that a solution can be found under an authoritarian government. It is because I know the extent of this dangerous contagion that I feel the problems must be dealt with.

(Since the foregoing article was written, Argentina became a signatory to the Act of Havana, adopted in July, providing measures of military and economic assistance for the security of the Western Hemisphere.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By new techniques, Genghis Khan seized half of the known world

Japan Invaded in Asiatic War

By MAURICE COLLIS

From *Time and Tide*, London Topical Weekly

THE newspapers have been profusely informative about William and Philip and Bonaparte, but there exists another parallel to the present situation which seems to have escaped their attention: another island empire was once in our case.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century the Tartar, Genghis Khan, overwhelmed half of the known world. He won his victories partly because the governments he attacked were old-fashioned and corrupt and partly because he invented a new military technique. The essence of this was superior mobility and striking power. Ponce d'Aubon, a contemporary writer, states that the Tartars could march in a single day as far "as from Chartres to Paris." In one of their campaigns they overran Europe in less than two months. They operated only with cavalry, but each cavalryman was also a bowman and his bolt could pierce armor at 240 yards. All their opponents were organized in mass and on the defensive, a system which collapsed when the Tartars, attacking in separate but co-ordinated divisions, broke in, spread out behind and encircled the rear. They also used much trickery, and panic was their best ally.

On the death of Genghis Khan his enormous conquests were divided among his sons. In the middle of the thirteenth century his grandson, the famous Kubilai Khan, became Emperor of China. Though the world from Pekin to Prussia had felt the Tartar stroke, Japan had been left alone. In 1268 Kubilai Khan sent a letter to the Emperor of Japan pointing out that if he desired to continue to reign, it would be well for him to seek the sanction of the All Highest. At the end of the letter was the ominous phrase: "If not, we do not know what will happen: God knows," a phrase the Tartars always used in addressing a kingdom they proposed to destroy.

At that date Japan was a singular country. "We have," writes Dr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sansom, summing up its government, "the astonishing spectacle of a state at the head of which stands a titular emperor whose vestigial functions are usurped by an abdicated emperor, and whose real power is nominally delegated to an hereditary military dictator, but actually wielded by an hereditary adviser of that dictator." The Emperor was partly a Pope, partly an arbiter of letters and partly a leader of fashion. The military aristocrat to whom he had handed over the administration, had in turn appointed a regent who, supported by a police force, exercised authority over a feudal society. So it was to the Regent that Kubilai's missive was delivered.

It came as a great shock. For a century the Japanese had watched the Tartar dominion swell, had seen Korea and the opposite coast of friendly China fall into Tartar hands; but it had never occurred to them that their island would be attacked. They had no standing army or navy, and their finances, which were founded upon agriculture, were most inelastic. But they had fighting men of superb quality, the Samurai, a class of military vassals, who had come into existence during recent civil wars. Relying on their valor the Regent refused to answer Kubilai's letter.

The Tartar wrote again. The Emperor with his literary entourage became frightened, but the Regent still refused to reply. In 1274 Kubilai decided on a small expedition, sufficient, he deemed, for the purpose on hand. The strait between Japan and Korea is about 125 miles wide and he sent 30,000 men in 450 ships. He also sent a secret weapon which discharged some kind of a combustible projectile. His troops were met by the Samurai of the lords living on the coast. These held the invaders all day, while reinforcements were urgently summoned. At dusk the Tartars, having failed to obtain a footing, re-embarked with the intention of renewing the assault at dawn. But that night a typhoon blew up from the land, which drove the fleet into the strait, where half the ships foundered, the remainder returning to Korea with difficulty.

KUBILAI, who could dispose of millions of veteran troops, accepted his bad luck with composure and shortly afterwards wrote to the Japanese Emperor, telling him to come to Pekin and apologize. The Regent beheaded the envoys who brought the letter.

So things stood for a while, Kubilai planning to finish the Japanese at the next convenient moment, the Japanese resolved to fight for their liberty. And they knew it would be a desperate fight, for what troops had ever stood up to the Tartars? The Government set to work to fortify that part of the southernmost island which faces the straits. They instructed the landed gentry throughout the whole realm to submit a return of their armed tenants. Some of these returns survive. Thus a Samurai, Fujiwara Hideshigé's list of tenants reads: "Saiko, aged eighty-five, cannot walk. Negahide, his son, aged sixty-five; has bow and arrows and weapons. Tsunehide, his son, aged thirty-eight; has bow and arrows, weapons, corselet, one horse." All the country people showed the greatest spirit and loyalty. Neither the church nor society, however, seemed so sensitive to the na-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional danger. Prominent ecclesiastics chose this time to quarrel, in one case the abbot of a great monastery sending his followers to make a demonstration in the imperial capital, to such effect that the Emperor was afraid to go out. Also, an appalling dispute, which had to do with an anthology of classical poetry, split in half the court nobility.

Time went by and at last, in December 1280, the Government obtained certain information that Kubilai would attack the following summer. The imminence of the crisis united all parties. The Emperor ordered days for public intercession; the abdicated Emperor distributed 300,000 copies in pamphlet form of the *Prajnaparamitahridaya*, the Buddhist mystical classic which had been translated from Sanskrit into Chinese in A.D. 170 and contained the well-known Montram—"*gaté, gaté, paragaté, pārasamgaté, bodhi, svaha!*"—which he directed should be recited. The Regent, though occupied all day with preparations for defence, found time at night to copy out in his own blood effective texts from the Holy Writ.

Sure enough, next year Kubilai struck. In June 1281 an armada of 4,000 ships carrying 50,000 Tartars and 100,000 Chinese conscripts, set out from Korea. On the twenty-third the van forced a landing, squadron after squadron arriving on successive days. The Japanese swordsmen fiercely disputed the advance and the small craft which had been collected destroyed some of the transports. There exists in the British Museum a photographic copy of a long contemporary scroll painting, which depicts the incidents of the fighting. The Tartars are shown on foot in field boots, enormous overcoats and tin hats with a knob on the top. There is no sign of their horses and it must be assumed that it was too difficult to bring them. The battle lasted from June 23 till August 15, no decision being obtained by either side. On the night of the fifteenth fate intervened as it had done on the previous occasion. A typhoon blew from the sea, the Tartar fleet was driven on shore, and the troops, cut off from their base, lost morale and were overpowered.

Kubilai Khan never attacked Japan again. It would seem that he had failed to obtain a decision because without horses he was unable to employ the startling manœuvers which had given the Tartars victory everywhere on the continent.

WHEN all was over the Regent was bombarded with applications for rewards, far beyond the capacity of the treasury to pay. Accordingly the Church suggested that since the national deliverance, which was clearly a miracle, was largely due to their intercession, it would be sufficient if such rewards as could be disbursed were paid to them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In their view, the collapse of the Entente ushers in the New Order

The Nazis Bury an Old Alliance

Translated from *Frankfurter Zeitung*

WITH the dawn of each day there emerge more clearly the basic outlines of the forthcoming new order in Europe, to be established at the conclusion of this war. The unprecedented triumphs of the German armies, serving as the instruments of a historic revolution in Europe, have made clear the fundamental principles that will underly the future development of the Continent.

In a word, Europe has come of age, and its peoples are now prepared to build the future of the Continent from its center, in conformance with Continental necessities and structural principles. Every step in this evolution has spelled a defeat for England: aside from our recent triumphs in the West, every major undertaking of the Reich—the Anschluss with Austria, the destruction of the arsenal that was Czechoslovakia, our agreement with Soviet Russia, the dissolution of the Poland of Versailles, the elimination of any danger to us from the southeast, and the defeat of enemy attempts to establish bases for invasion from Norway—all these successive steps not only have caused the collapse of the French continental system, but they have destroyed for all time any possible pro-British orientation in Europe.

To be more specific, Germany's overwhelming victories have broken the French armies, and expelled the British from the Continent. New perspectives have been opened to us by Rumania's disavowal of the defence guarantees extended to her by Britain and France. Recent events have led to new political directives, the result of irresistible forces. In withdrawing from the Continent, the British burned their bridges behind them. Their last act, so far as Europe was concerned, was their attack on French warships, an act of unprecedented brutality. In consequence, the French government has severed diplomatic relations with its recent ally.

That decision by the French government marks the end of the era of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anglo-French collaboration, a period that endured for forty years and, in that time, critically affected the destinies of Europe. The genesis of that collaboration was the determination of the British and French peoples to encircle Germany. Two years before the beginning of this century, Britain and France almost came to blows in the African Sudan, and the upshot of that incident was a burning humiliation for the French. The French Captain J. B. Marchand, intending to establish a French zone in Africa from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, was halted at Fashoda by Kitchener and compelled to lower the tricolor. That incident on African soil led to a decision of profound importance for the future of Europe. In subsequent negotiations, Théophile Delcassé, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, yielded to the British and accepted defeat, because his underlying preoccupation was to win Britain as an ally and to bring her into the French alliance with Russia.

A few years later, he had his way. In 1904, Britain and France signed a treaty establishing their respective "spheres of influence" in Africa, and this settlement over Africa led to joint action of those powers with respect to Europe. France conceded the right of Britain to complete control in Egypt; in return, Britain recognized the special interests of France in Morocco. That treaty may be regarded as the first stone in the erection of the Entente Cordiale. Three years later, by which time Edward VII had reached the throne, the Entente was completed by an Anglo-Russian treaty adjudicating the interests of those two nations in Persia. Thus, the evolution and completion of the Entente's policy of encirclement, which compelled the entry of Germany into the World War.

This encirclement of Germany was, in the view of Edward VII, a perfect illustration and application of British imperialist philosophy—that is to say, a coalition aimed against emergent powers on the Continent. Nevertheless, Britain hesitated for a considerable time before she would subscribe to any binding agreement. In time the Entente with France was implemented by other colonial agreements and, in fact, even by joint consultation of the British and French general staffs. But there was no formal understanding which defined clearly the extent of British obligations to France. Even in the famous—but secret, at that time—exchange of notes in 1912 between Sir Edward Grey, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Paul Cambon, then France's Ambassador at London, the obligation of mutual consultation was mentioned in the most general terms. The Entente, in other words, was what today we call a secret consultative pact. Britain reserved complete freedom of action, even in the event of a serious conflict. On the one hand, she did not want to commit herself irrevocably but, on the other, she wanted to keep control of Europe.

FRANCE regarded the Entente from quite another point of view. She regarded Britain as firmly allied to her against Germany, and this interpretation was the correct view. At last, in 1914, Grey was forced to show his hand, and England came over to the side of France. Even so, British statesmen were mistaken in their basic calculations: while, as they expected, they could make the peoples of Eu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rope bleed and fight for England's interests, they were also made to spill more of their own blood, on land and sea, and to spend more of their own money, than they ever had before. Until that time, Britain's coalition wars had been waged at the cost of other peoples' lives; their only contribution was their money.

One might have supposed, in the first years after the World War, that British statesmen would have learned something from their costly experience in that conflict. Collaboration with France was still in effect, although the French did not get from Britain—at first—the formal alliance that Paris desired. British leaders believed that the League of Nations was sufficient to control and dominate Europe and thus relieve them of the Continent's problems and recurrent crises. For example, the Locarno Pact was so drafted that the British did not guarantee the status quo in the east of Europe; and while the status quo in the West was guaranteed, it was by no means guaranteed by Britain alone. But that agreement could serve British interests, so long as Germany remained weak.

Necessarily, this and other makeshift measures broke down when, in 1933, a stronger Germany began to overcome obstacles and to put forth her claim for recognition as a major power. As time passed, Britain and France faced a test of their abilities to meet these just claims of Germany for a realignment of European equilibrium and, by a revision of Versailles, to bring about a peaceful order on the Continent.

But British and French statesmen failed to rise to their opportunities. It appeared that at this time the British were so involved in responsibility for the Versailles Treaty that they had lost all instinct for realistic political endeavor. In other words, Britain and France both were the prisoners of their own past; in consequence, they were unable to view the future. It was no accident that, in these post-Versailles years, the Anglo-French Entente was transformed into a formal alliance—opposed, incidentally, not by Germany alone but by all the forces of history.

The disintegration of the existing system could not be halted by the artificial fabric of mutual-assistance pacts, of what was generally called "collective security." That artificiality only served to involve the members of this alliance in a variety of mounting complications, and to saddle them with increasing risks. The sinister logic of that policy of "collective security" compelled Britain at this critical time to support the weakest links in the system, a system certain to collapse because of its unredeemable pledges.

The inevitable result was war. Ironically enough, most of these "guarantees" by Britain and France were themselves the instruments that provoked war. And with war, those guarantees dissolved and, logically, the Anglo-French Entente and alliance fell apart.

IN THE history of Britain's continental policy, this is not the first time that England has abandoned its ally in the middle of war; it is part of the established technique employed by Britain in all her coalition struggles, and hitherto she has often changed allies. But now there are no other allies for Britain to obtain; now England is alone.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But one authority warns against overestimating the Fascist planes

Italy Formidable in Air Power

By CHARLES G. GREY

From *Sphere*, London Illustrated Weekly

EXACTLY a year ago I was in Rome with some 200 other aeronautical writing folk, as guests of the Italian Air Force, and I was one of half a dozen who were taken for a flight over Rome and round by Ostia and Frascati by Mussolini, in his pet three-motor Savoia-Marchetti bomber; and I may say that he is a very sound pilot of the heavy bomber class.

Nobody could have been more friendly than the Italian Air Force were to us. They held a review of all their latest types for our benefit, at their great research station at Guidonia, and I admit that we were all impressed by what we saw of their machines and pilots. Besides the unbreakable Fiat biplane single-seat fighters and the tri-motor Savoia-Marchetti bombers, which I had seen in Spain in the previous September, they had some very neat little twin-motor medium-weight dive-bombers and some nice new monoplane fighters.

There was no doubt about the skill of the pilots either. They handled their machines beautifully. Some of us who remembered the last war recalled silently the opinion of the veterans of the old R.F.C. and R.A.F., who used to say that the Italians were wonderful pilots—behind the fighting lines. Yet some of their pilots were of the highest class, and since 1918 Italian pilots have held world's records for speed and height and distance, many times.

Many of us then in Rome knew that nearly all the Italian aircraft factories were working on short time because of lack of material.

Only in about March of this year did I learn in a curious but reliable way that General Valle, who had been Under-Secretary of State for Air, which meant head of the Air Force, under Mussolini, had been sacked for being too optimistic. I imagine that he had to put up a good show in his reports to Il Duce, and that to do so he had to put into his returns, as complete aeroplanes, in charge of the Air

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Force, machines which were little more than a number on a card in the factory and were being held up by shortage of material.

So the Italian Air Force is probably not so big as Mussolini and sundry other people thought it was. About 2,000 first-line aeroplanes would be a fair estimate, and I doubt whether the Germans can spare much raw material to make more.

Nevertheless, we should make a great mistake if we underestimated the quality of the Italian pilots or aeroplanes. The late General Balbo, who really built up the *Regia Aeronautica* (the proper name for the Italian Air Force), could not have made those mass-production flights from Rome to England, Greenland, Canada, New York, the Azores and home to Rome; and later Rome to West Africa and South America, down to Brazil and Argentina, unless he had had first-class pilots as well as good aeroplanes and motors.

ALSO, the endurance of the pilots of the *Regia Aeronautica* in the Abyssinian campaign showed that they are extremely tough. Although the Abyssinians had nothing to put up against them, the heat and the climate —and the knowledge that if one fell into the hands of the Abyssinians after a forced landing, one would not survive in one piece—was a severe test and needed fortitude in pilots and crews.

Again, we shall do well to remember that the Savoia-Marchetti is still one of the most efficient weight-carrying bombers in the world, although it is several years old.

At the time of the Abyssinian war, when our foreign policy, by trying to exercise sanctions on Italy, created the Rome-Berlin Axis, a bright member of my staff who rejoices in abstruse calculations by sliderule, worked out beyond doubt that the Savoia-Marchetti should be able to fly from somewhere inside Italian territory, with a full load of bombs, drop them in England and get home again.

Since then, some of our own bombers have proved that they can carry as big a load as far as the Savoia, although perhaps in not quite the same time.

The Savoia has the further advantage that, being built of timber and bicycle tube (naturally, it is a carefully selected timber and a high quality of tubing, in sizes considerably larger than are used in bicycles), basically it is built of the cheapest and most readily obtainable material, whereas our machines and those of the Germans are built of special aluminum and magnesium alloys, and special high-tensile steels, which are frightfully expensive.

For years many of us, inside and outside the Air Ministry, have been arguing in favor of starting a kind of second line of aircraft construction, using timber and tubing. The Avro Anson, which has been one of the great successes of the early months of the war, is an example of what can be done, and the Italians have been doing it for years. That, possibly, is one of the advantages of being a poor country and being compelled to economize.

The influence of the Italian Air Force in the war must be considerable, but probably not so considerable as some people fear. Perhaps the moral factor will be still more important than equipment. The average Italian

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dislikes the Germans because he hates being bossed by them. Also, the average Italian likes the English, and I know that many of the Italian Air Force are not whole-heartedly in this war.

Against Abyssinia we have a strong detachment of Air Force at Aden, a useful volunteer Air Force in Kenya, largely made up of veterans of 1914-18, and we have detachments of the South African Air Force, in which are some of the finest pilots in the Empire. Against Libya and the Dodecanese we have the main R.A.F. Middle East Command under Sir Arthur Longmore, of which one can say no more than that it is part of the regular R.A.F. and is equipped with modern aeroplanes.

Despising one's enemy is a fatal mistake, but one may easily overestimate an enemy's strength. Although we are fighting a nation of 45,000,000 people, we are not fighting an air force of a size proportionate to that strength, to judge by what our own nation of approximately 45,000,000 people plus the British Dominions, can do.

An interesting corner of this war to watch will be Northeast Africa, to see what the Italian Army and Air Force does against Egypt and what the Egyptian Air Force does against the Italians.

SEVEN LITTLE BALKAN BOYS

By SAGITTARIUS

Seven little Balkan boys did not care to mix,
Musso bagged Albania and then there were six.

Six little Balkan boys a bloc could not contrive,
Berlin called up Budapest and then there were five.

Five little Balkan boys, rattled by the war
Moscow bullied Bukharest and then there were four.

Four little Balkan boys still could not agree,
Turkey kept on staying out and so there were three.

Three little Balkan boys with different points of view,
Sofia rang up Stalin and then there were two.

Two little Balkan boys without a place to run,
Ciano called at Belgrade and then there was one.

One little Balkan boy stranded all alone,
One little Hellene can do nothing on his own.

Seven little Balkan boys had places in the sun,
The Balkans they were many, but the Greater Reich is one.

—*New Statesman and Nation*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Stitchers Beneath the Stukas

By PIERRE HAMP

Translated From the *Neue Zurcher Zeitung*, Zurich Liberal Daily

YOU look down these rows of hundreds of girls and women in a French factory, monotonously stitching miles of coarse, gray material into sacks, to be filled with sand and used as protection against the unceasing bombs of the enemy.

They work with the dull and dispiriting skill of women who perform the same movement day after day, night after night, thousands of times. You address them, but they do not look up from their labors:

"How many sacks a day?"

"Two thousand, seven hundred in ten hours, *m'sieu.*"

They say nothing of the fact that, when the bombs rain in their vicinity, most of them remain at their task of stitching the bags that are to serve as defence. They say nothing; perhaps because their heroism is born of necessity. They become as dully unconscious of air raids as of the coarse, gray bags, two thousand, seven hundred in ten hours.

On Sunday afternoon, a bomb falls at the entrance to the sand-bag factory. For seconds, the air is full of glass, splintered wood, dirt, falling brick, and screams of women—but not of the bag-stitchers, two thousand, seven hundred in ten hours. Anti-aircraft fire barks at the enemy planes; one woman says, with mild interest, she thinks she can distinguish between the anti-aircraft salvos and the crash of German bombs which rock the ground, the factory, this little world. That's interesting, unusual; she must have sharp ears.

Once the "all clear" sounds, the women go outside and glance at the sky. A few heads appear from jagged windows; eyes turn to the clouds, but interest is indifferent. Now the groups of workers outside are lost to view in the whorls of dust which rise where the closest bomb fell. You hear them chatter: Will we be able to work tomorrow? Has the factory been disabled? Will we lose a day's labor?

In two minutes, they are back at the coarse, gray material, stitching two thousand, seven hundred in ten hours. Dead fatigue and exhausted nerves stiffen their shoulders and arms; the Germans have bombed incessantly for two days and two nights. Other workers set to with brooms, and sweep up the glass and the brick and the dust. The bomb blew the factory door through the walls; it won't be replaced, since the gaping hole makes it easier for greater numbers of these women to rush to their shelters the next time—if they have warning, and if they care enough to run underground.

Early the next morning, the Germans again are wheeling overhead, only a few seconds after the factory siren has brought the women to their stitching. There are fewer of them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Why? It seems a fifth of them lost their homes in yesterday's raids and they can't work today, they must scrub around in the blood and filth to find their children, their surviving pots and pans; or they are stuffing old newspapers into broken windows, or cardboard where a bomb splinter came into the kitchen and decapitated Cousin Emile, neat as can be. But they straggle back to work, half asleep, unfeeling, broken in pieces but somehow whole. Able enough, anyway, for two thousand, seven hundred in ten hours.

Outside the factory there is unwonted activity—dangerous, because that may lure the Stukas—but the glaziers must install new windows for the Germans to splinter. In the street, the parade of funeral carriages becomes commonplace and perfunctory; in three days the bombers came over 350 times, and isn't it obvious enough that some people must get killed? But the women, if they can't avert their glances, make the sign of the cross. There is work to do, two thousand, seven hundred bags in ten hours, and there is the blacked-out night in which to sleep, if you don't have to spend it lying over your kids because past raids shook up the old ceiling. And maybe in the next raid at night it will come down, not so fast as the bombs, but in deadly chunks, for all of that.

Censorship of Opinion

They have been talking of compulsory press censorship. Yes, even the censorship of opinion has been discussed!

If there had been censorship of opinion, the muddling Chamberlain Government would still be in power. Freedom of newspaper opinion is as vital to the winning of the war as is freedom of Parliamentary speech. Robbing us of either of these would be a betrayal of the bastions of liberty for which the nation is fighting.

Yet, while they thus talk, a prominent Minister, a Tory, confessed to me that it was the Daladier censorship that was one of the causes of the collapse of France.

"Now, you would not have known of that," I replied, "if I had not come back from Paris with all the facts of how news had been suppressed and criticism stifled—and printed them."

Yes, had there then been censorship of opinion here, it would have been suppressed on the ground that it was criticism of an ally!

—Hannen Swaffer in the *Daily Herald*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One Englishman notes its conquest over all its proverbial defects

A General Surveys Modern Turkey

By BRIGADIER GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM DEEDS

From *Daily Telegraph*, London Conservative Daily

UNLESS I had gone to Turkey and seen for myself, I would not have believed it; I did not believe it when I was told by the few who had seen it.

I could not be persuaded that the corruption, inefficiency and procrastination which characterized the Government of the country in which I had served a quarter of a century ago had wholly disappeared, and that the revolution had "changed all that." But so it is; it has all been swept away, and a new Turkey has appeared in which I can recognize nothing of the old Turkey—except, of course the same hospitable, simple and attractive people.

Of all the revolutions which have taken place since the end of the Great War, not one, I venture to assert, has accomplished what this one has, and broken so few heads in the process.

Let us look first of all at a few of the surface changes. In old days when I thought of Turkey, my mind always went to brigands! For example, I remember the days when I lived in a suburb of Smyrna, and, as a gendarmerie officer, was called on to provide an armed escort for the "carriage convoy" of girls and their partners going to a dance in town. And I remember the night when the brigands pounced upon a young Englishman, took him to the mountains and demanded £10,000 ransom for him.

Those were the days when foreigners going up country for a summer holiday obtained a *laissez passer*—not from my gendarmes, but from the brigands who, incidentally, treated them with great courtesy. All that—both the picturesque and the perilous—has gone. There are no brigands left except, perhaps, a few in the Vilayet of Sert, away in the southeast.

Then, again, casting my mind back twenty-five years, I think of epidemics. I never travelled up-country without encountering cholera, smallpox or typhus. I remember sleeping one night in a wayside *Han*, the principal guest-room of which seemed to be un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

usually well swept and garnished. When I commented on this to mine host in the morning, he said: "Oh, yes. The room in which you slept is being used as the cholera mortuary. But when we heard your Excellency was coming we emptied it and gave it a special clean-up!" Today cholera has been stamped out; typhus and smallpox are very rare; and a vigorous campaign is being waged against other scourges.

Again, consider the country's communications. Never shall I forget the old Turkish roads. In the summer of 1913 I disembarked at Samsun and engaged a *yayili* (a light spring wagon) in order to carry out an inspection in the five contiguous provinces, a journey which promised to last three months. The first day out the horses fell through a hole in the road, the pole snapped, and we had to fashion a new one from the neighboring forest. That—and much more—was travel in those days. The other day I visited these same provinces, and did the journey in great comfort by road and rail and took only ten days.

Among the visible changes to be noted are the large number of well-built schools—elementary in the villages and central and *lycées* in the larger towns; town-planning of old towns and the rapid building of new—of which Ankara, a village when I last saw it, is, of course, the most notable example; and the large number of new factories established. I visited a sugar factory at Turkal where the provision of social amenities for the workpeople was as good as you could wish. Hospitals—one or two which I saw—were, as regards planning and equipment, better than anything I have seen in this country. Day nurseries, infant welfare centers and village clinics have been established at which a great deal of instruction in hygiene is given.

THESE are some of the outward and visible signs of progress which strike the eye as one goes through the country. Admittedly they are as yet few in number but, such as they are, they are very good, and they are being built as fast as funds permit; and—what is so exhilarating in Turkey today—the extension of their social service is the favorite topic of conversation with all whom one meets.

There can be little doubt that women are not a little responsible for all this social activity; the women who today are to be met in every sphere of human activity—thirteen of them in Parliament. Gone are the black-veiled phantoms of old days, the heroines of Pierre Loti's novels.

Where, however, I noticed the least change was in the villages. Except for new schools and a better water supply (a big exception indeed) the houses look much the same and the agricultural implements and methods have changed little in the last twenty-five years. I commented on this to a high Turkish official, who said: "Yes, it is true; we have not yet entered the villages," and he went on to explain to me some of the Government's plans for the grouping of villages, the better to provide them with social services and to introduce co-operative farming and the common use of machinery.

A start has already been made with the refugee villages built for peasants migrating from Rumania and else-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where in the Southern Balkans. In the earthquake area, too, the Government is determined to seize the opportunity to re-site a number of villages; to build better houses, and to purchase agricultural machinery in England—for which purpose a trade commission left Turkey while I was there.

It is impossible to mention the many other reforms and improvements which strike the eye, but there is one institution, the *Halk Evi*, to which allusion must be made. The influence of the *Halk Evi*—or "People's House"—is far-reaching and has made as big a contribution to popular enlightenment as perhaps any other factor. There are 360 of these houses in Turkey. Here we should call them "Community Centers." Their activities include art, music, concerts, lectures, conferences, all forms of "further education," games (indoor and outdoor) and personal service to those in need, especially to poor students.

Just recently *Halk Odalari*—"People's Rooms"—have been opened in villages which cannot yet aspire to the full program of a *Halk Evi*. The *Halk Evi* movement is supported by the funds of the People's party and by grants in aid either from the Central Government, the province or the municipality. The personnel consists entirely of volunteers, men and women. In fact, it represents a widespread network of voluntary social service.

A FEW words must now be added about other invisible but no less remarkable changes. In the administration, apathy, inertia and slovenly, out-of-date methods have gone. Officials are keen and—governors of provinces, at any rate—are relatively young. It may be that foreigners still find that business is not completed with quite the speed to which they are accustomed in some other countries. But (thank goodness!) Turkish "bureaucrats" can still find time for a talk over a cup of coffee, and the "cult of efficiency" has not completely dehumanized them. And there is no corruption.

The reason is not far to seek; salaries and wages are now regularly paid and justice can be obtained without resort to bribery. I remember one occasion twenty-five years ago when I went to inspect a detachment of gendarmerie in an up-country town, finding the officer commanding in prison in his own quarters. I lunched with him, being served by his men through the bars of the window, and learnt from him that his crime had been that he had taken his detachment's last month's pay. But, as one of his men said to me later: "We can hardly blame the captain. He had not received his own salary, and he, too, has a wife and children to keep!"

In a word, the whole spirit of the country has changed; the "sick man of Europe" is dead. In his place stands modern Turkey, proud of its achievements, energetic, full of hope, but modest—almost too much so. As a leading member of the Government said to me: "In this respect we are like you. We are bad advertisers."

How have these remarkable changes come about? The short answer is, "Ataturk." Of this there can be no doubt. To liberate women; to "disestablish the Church"; to remove the capital from its 500-year-old site to an up-country village; to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abolish the fez (more than a physical change); to replace Arabic by Latin characters (more than a literary change); these and the many more reforms could only have been made in fifteen years by the fiat of one man. And a remarkable man he must have been.

For, ruthless as he was in sweeping away rubbish and all that in his opinion retarded progress, he never seems to have gone too far; he always had his finger on the pulse of his people.

WAS IT Lenin who said: "A man is as great and only as great as the tide surging beneath him"? Applied to this case, this means that Ataturk could not have done what he did nor—as is undoubtedly the case—could he have assured its continuation unless he had been supported by his people and unless his people had been—as he knew they were—worthy of profiting by the reforms which he had made.

"How is it," I kept saying to myself, "that a whole people can 'change overnight' from what I remember of them twenty-five years ago to what I see them to be today?" The answer, I am persuaded, is that it is not so much that the people have changed as that, freed from the yoke of a corrupt and oppressive Government, they have now for the first time been given the opportunity to display their true qualities.

HAMPSTEAD HEATH

By GEOFFREY GRIGSON

Around these sweet mays and willows,
And in and out of these yellow hollows,
You who followed the heart's affections
And smelled the warm

Nights in the cold of evil,
You, Keats, you, intricate Coleridge,
Sarcastic Constable, and Palmer
Loving and knowing

The eyes and buds of the world,
In your green proscenium of eternity,
O gentle, resolved and holy men, who
In this cut and lovely heath knew

The involved image of man,
You earn our invocation: touch
Us, since we too blunder in these gorse
Paths, in desolation.

—*Listener*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French fatalism, inefficiency and myths contributed to the debacle

Scuttling of the Third Republic

By ALEXANDER WERTH

From *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

I SHALL never forget my last glimpse of Chartres and of its cathedral the morning after we had left Paris. We had passed through the Beauce plain, "*immense comme la mer, profonde comme la mer, océan des blés . . .*," as Péguy called it. The people at Chartres were in a state of dumb distress. Cars, vans, lorries, bicycles were streaming through the cathedral city; the people looked on with bewildered eyes. Tired after our all-night run, we stopped for breakfast. Everybody's nerves were on edge. There were rows, *engueulades* all over the place. The young waiter looked irritated. He couldn't be bothered serving us. He flung the basket of warm *croissants* on the table and kept us waiting indefinitely for our *café-crèmes*. Untidy soldiers sat around with a lost look in their eyes. The first cheerful faces we saw that day were a crowd of B.E.F. boys in a village we passed; they did not seem to realize all that was happening. They were washing and shaving and drinking tea out of tin goblets, and waved cheerfully at us. I wonder what has happened to them? But farther down the village, we passed a crowd of French soldiers, ragged, demoralized-looking: "*Les Boches sont-ils à Paris?*" they shouted. They were taking Germany's irresistible drive for granted.

The responsibilities for what happened go far back. I read Gen. de Gaulle's book, *Vers l'Armée de Métier*, back in 1935, and felt a little uneasy about the French Army ever since. I also remember the speech Reynaud made about the same time, and largely under Gaulle's inspiration. But Daladier and Gamelin took no notice of Gaulle, and Daladier, when he became War Minister, merely treated him as a crank, and would not allow him to rise above the rank of Colonel. He advocated a professional mechanized army of 500,000 men; our men on the left merely dismissed such an army as a dangerous weapon in the hands of a would-be Fascist dictator. [See page 35.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Those who ignored the advice of Gaulle and Reynaud are partly responsible for what happened four years later. It was the same people who, in subsequent years, created the legend of the impregnable Maginot Line.

And when the war started, we had stories of this impregnable line hammered into us day after day by a press in the service of Daladier. The Maginot Line was all right as far as it went; but it did not go very far—only half-way along the frontier. And what of the Franco-Belgian frontier? Since my return to Paris in October, I persisted in asking everybody likely to know about it whether the "extension" was any good. I was assured by soldiers and politicians and other important people that it was being worked on night and day, that it was being built "on the principle of the Siegfried Line," and was "about as good as the Siegfried Line." I am not a military expert, and I confess that I was impressed by such unanimity.

The blackest day in my experience was May 15, when Colonel Thomas, the "official spokesman" at the French War Office explained the breakthrough on the Meuse and added: "And now the stationary war has become a war of movement"—precisely the kind of war on which the French, with their Maginot complex had not reckoned, and for which they were totally unprepared. The general assumption had been that the Germans, if ever they attacked France, would batter millions of their men to death against the Maginot Line. I am told that Mr. Hore-Belisha resigned largely because he had made himself so unpopular with Gamelin with his everlasting questions about the solidity of the northern "extension."

THOSE who imposed the censorship on France also took an appalling responsibility; and as a journalist I feel it more keenly than anyone. An honest assessment of any situation, military or political, was just out of the question. You wrote an article, with all the pros and cons; what appeared in print was a catalogue of pros; all the cons had been blue-pencilled. During the eight months of the "phoney war" the world lived in almost complete ignorance of the real situation; and when the blow came, the French people were completely taken by surprise. The effect of this on the troops was incalculable.

I have known hundreds of French soldiers, both officers and privates; and I know that, given a sporting chance, they would have fought, and if necessary, died to the last man. But from the very day the Germans crossed the Meuse, many of them felt that they were fighting a losing battle. Worse still, they felt that they had been betrayed. That there were acts of supreme courage among the French soldiers and airmen cannot be doubted for a moment. But, as Major Vautrin, one of Reynaud's men, explained to the press at Tours one day, they were fighting at the rate of one to three; their equipment was infinitely inferior to that of the Germans; many of the units had been in the front line for ten days without a respite, while the Germans were having their troops renewed every three or four days; and the French lines were getting thin, disastrously thin. The French press

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kept on talking of tremendous German losses; in reality these were insignificant compared with the French losses. Vautrin himself admitted that "our infantry has to fight, almost unsupported, against the German tank divisions." And when I asked Vautrin how it was that there were only forty-five French divisions in the field against Germany's 120 when we had it hammered into us for months that France had 5,000,000 men under arms, he gave an evasive reply. The story of the five million men had just been another piece of *bourrage de crâne*; and Pétain in one of his recent broadcasts admitted it. Yes; I believe that a large part of the French army was demoralized: demoralized by the lies that had been told it, and demoralized by the appalling vigor of the onslaught by the German tanks and dive bombers. The men in command had taken no notice of the Polish campaign; they merely dismissed the Poles as a poor bunch and assumed that nothing like that could ever happen to France. But the men were not trained to deal with the mass incursion of tanks, nor with dive-bombers. In the second week of this "real" war we were told by a complacent press that the French troops "with their genius for improvisation" were beginning to adapt themselves to this new warfare. Was this a time for "improvisations"?

And in about the same number of days as unfortified, ill-equipped Poland, France was brought to her knees. The immensity of the tragedy is such that one cannot well take it in.

NOW, the surrender of France is another story. When Reynaud came over to London for the Supreme War Council in April, he signed a pledge that there would be no separate peace—so at least the communiqué published after the meeting clearly implied.

After the fall of Paris a new Thiers-Gambetta situation was bound to rise. Reynaud was the Gambetta; at Tours he announced that France would go on fighting, "even if it were in one province only; even if it were in North Africa only." Good *lutte à outrance* stuff; though with perhaps just a little too much reliance on the doubtful support of America, which, he said, could now alone save the situation, provided it came "at once." Reynaud—a Gambetta of no very great caliber. But who was the Thiers? There was no lack of candidates for *that* job—for the job of signing a separate peace with Hitler. They did not bother about England. One of Hitler's most brilliant strokes was to have forced the B.E.F. to reembark at Dunkirk. The French separate-peace men were now free to say that France had been left to fight Germany single-handed. It became the subject of the most intensive propaganda; and it was not without effect. For days after the evacuation of Dunkirk, England was no longer mentioned in the French press. During the battle of the Somme and Aisne French military spokesmen bitterly complained of the absence of British support—even in the air. All this sort of thing was water to the defeatist mill.

The separate peace tendencies had already been clearly perceptible for a good fortnight before the fall of Paris. President Lebrun was known to be in favor of it. The Lavals, the Caillauxs, the Bonnets were working

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hard, especially at the Elysée. Reynaud had shortly before appointed Weygand Commander in Chief, and had sacked Daladier and de Monzie. But were the people he had put in their place any better? Pomaret, full of pro-Italian illusions, was de Monzie's man; Marshal Pétain, the Vice Premier, though at first regarded as merely a figurehead, was under Franco's thumb. Baudouin, the Assistant Foreign Minister, was the mystery man of the Cabinet. He was tied up with high finance, and was known to have numerous connections with Italy. There was also Prouvost, proprietor of *Paris Soir*, which kept on suggesting that Germany did not wish the destruction of France. And then there was Chautemps. By the time the Reynaud Government had got to Bordeaux, the defeatists were in a large majority. The minority, as far as one can gather, included Reynaud, Mandel, Delbos, Dautry, Louis Marin and one or two others, who were prepared to save the navy and to go on fighting in North Africa, if nowhere else. On that Sunday, June 16, Reynaud was squeezed out of office, not without the heavy weight of President Lebrun thrown in against him.

Pétain is a man of eighty-four. He became a tool in the hands of the defeatists. He imagined Hitler would talk to him like one soldier to another. Franco had no doubt assured him of Hitler's gentlemanliness; he might take away Alsace-Lorraine but France would live on. . . . All these Pomarets and Prouvosts imagined that France "would live on"; that Germany was after her pocketbook, and not after her body and soul. The Germans and Italians cleverly exploited these illusions. At Bordeaux the story went around that they were behaving very decently in Paris, and that they had appointed Chiappe head of the Town Council, or something like that. There might be other equally good jobs going. They imagined that Hitler would leave France what Leopold III had called "relative independence," and in this relatively independent France they would run the show. They believed it—even though not one of the ordinary French people I talked to believed a word of it. And there was another absurd illusion entertained by these people—that *Italy would protect France against excessive German claims*, even after she herself had declared war on France. The *Journal*, the *Temps*, the *Petit Journal*, as well as the Paul Faure Socialists (always notoriously anti-British) had for weeks talked of Italy's desire to set up a sort of "Latin Union" (France, Spain and Italy) which would counterbalance Germany. As for England—well, she just didn't come into such a federation, and Germany could do with her as she pleased. And the old *cagoulard* slogan, "Hitler rather than democracy," was one that was not far removed from the minds of some of those who asked Hitler for an armistice. For they still imagined Hitler to be a defender of capitalism.

THE armistice terms, to which were to be added those of the *soeur latine*, completely smashed all the illusions entertained by the Pomarets and other sub-Bonnets. They accepted them, nevertheless; they accepted the complete enslavement of France, rather than fight on, "in North Africa if necessary." Why? Was there some horrible piece of Nazi blackmail attached to the peace terms? Many

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stories have been told to that effect. But is that the true explanation? Did not the fatalism of many Frenchmen, their belief that in the end it was better for France to suffer eclipse—and perhaps through eclipse, to achieve some form of renovation—than to go on with the struggle against her powerful and prolific neighbors, play a very important part in what has just happened? The pacifism of the Munich days has reasserted itself a hundredfold this time. These men believe that France cannot die in the long run. Are they so sure? As for the *lutte à outrance* people can they ever be brought together? Or do they, too, imagine that France will, in time, expand again and cease to be the small inland vassal state between Limoges and Lyon that she is today?

They Overlook Nothing

Phrase books in English and German have been issued to the German Army, containing questions which German troops would be likely to put to English citizens if they succeeded in achieving their desire to overrun the country. Some of these books have come into the hands of the British military authorities. Throughout there is a warning that if you fail to tell the truth you will be shot.

Some of the questions in the phrase book are apparently designed for use in cross-examining civic leaders. The question "Are you the mayor?" is followed by the demand "Open all cupboards," and "Where is the cash?" The handbook then "instructs" the Nazi soldier how to ask the mayor to write down the amount which is in the safe and to find out if there is any more money in the building. Should he succeed in obtaining information he would then use the phrase, "I confiscate all this money."

A whole section consists of questions intended to enable the German troops to find their way about.

The authors of the handbook do not appear to have overlooked any contingency. There are even such phrases as "I have the stomach ache," "Give me opium," or "Give me pills."

The Germans obviously intend to have clean linen, for they are instructed how to demand from the people on whom they thrust themselves for board and lodgings that they shall wash two shirts, one pair of pants, and three pocket handkerchiefs.

The booklet is similar to those which Germany has produced in the Czech, Polish and Russian languages.

—*Times*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Straws in the Wind

A Citizen's Duty Is Clear

The right of members of the Local Defence Volunteers to shoot or to use force against an enemy in uniform was explained by Lord Mottistone, Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire.

Lord Mottistone said the position seemed clear. If it was suggested that a civilian was not entitled to shoot an enemy in the uniform of his country the answer was two-fold. Firstly, in view of the peculiar nature of the attacks to be expected, largely dependent on disguise, it was unlikely that any court of justice, and certainly no British court, would uphold such a restriction of the Englishman's rights and duties. Secondly, a man belonging to the Local Defence Force could not be considered a civilian but a member of the armed Forces of the Crown.

—*Times*, London

Consistency to the *Nth*

But even the South African Broadcasting Corporation, that played such an important part in the banning of Verdi's *Requiem*, laid itself open to a further demand. Will the board not regard it as unpatriotic of us to use radio itself, the device to which the Italian Marconi contributed so much?

—*Die Burger*, Cape Town

Romance Under the Nazis

The High Command has decreed that mobilized soldiers under the legal age may be permitted to marry. The aim of this measure is to permit young people of irreproachable racial heritage and physical health an opportunity to beget children.

—*Frankfurter Zeitung*

It's Too, Too Bad

. . . And all this trouble because Hitler did not get Dantzig and the Corridor. And just for that Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands had to flee with her children to Canada. Terrible.

—*Svenska Dagbladet*, Stockholm

Might be True, at That

In the Paris courts a wife demanded a divorce on the grounds that "my husband hasn't spoken to me in a year."

The defendant was brought before the judge.

"Is it true you haven't spoken to your wife for a year?"

"That's right. I didn't want to interrupt her."

—*Marianne*, Paris

The Anti-Cat Nazis

Despite the decrease in the number of cats in this country, writes "D," they are still far more numerous here than in pre-war Germany. Our stock must still run into millions, whereas, according to an approximate census of animals made some years ago, there were then only 450,000 in the whole of Germany. In some parts of that country they were so comparatively rare that a Frankfort journal published an appeal for "the rehabilitation of the cat," deprecating the prejudices against pussies alleged to be prevalent in the Fatherland and pointing out, among other arguments on their behalf, "cats, especially kittens, make excellent playmates for the young." That plea, of course, might have little effect under the present régime, which probably would favor tiger cubs as playmates for the Nazi young.

—*Manchester Guardian*, England

It's News to Us

"It is a miracle that the spirit of the German people has not been broken by their sufferings."

—German Labor Front Leader Dr. Robert Ley

Horrible Thought

If the proverb is true that a vegetarian diet induces moderation in the human animal, we wonder how Hitler would act if he abandoned his present diet and took to eating meat.

—*Vegetarian News*, Birmingham

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Resourceful Pacifist

Judge Hargreaves, the chairman of the London Conscientious Objectors' Tribunal, which sits at Fulham Town Hall, is continually citing the Bible. He does so in answer to the young men who base their objection to military service on Biblical texts. As often as not these are misquoted, particularly the sixth commandment, which objectors give as, "Thou shalt not kill." When Judge Hargreaves points out that this says, "Thou shalt do no murder," the doubts of some objectors are removed.

Judge Hargreaves was beaten the other day, though, when he asked a young man what he would do if hundreds of German planes came over England to bomb us. "I would take spiritual cover," said the applicant.

—*Daily Telegraph*, London

Also Helps the Author

A Bucharest bookseller has found a short cut to making money. He gets in supplies of Hermann Rausching's *Hitler Speaks* because he has discovered that the German Legation promptly buys up each consignment.

—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*, Paris

What Past?

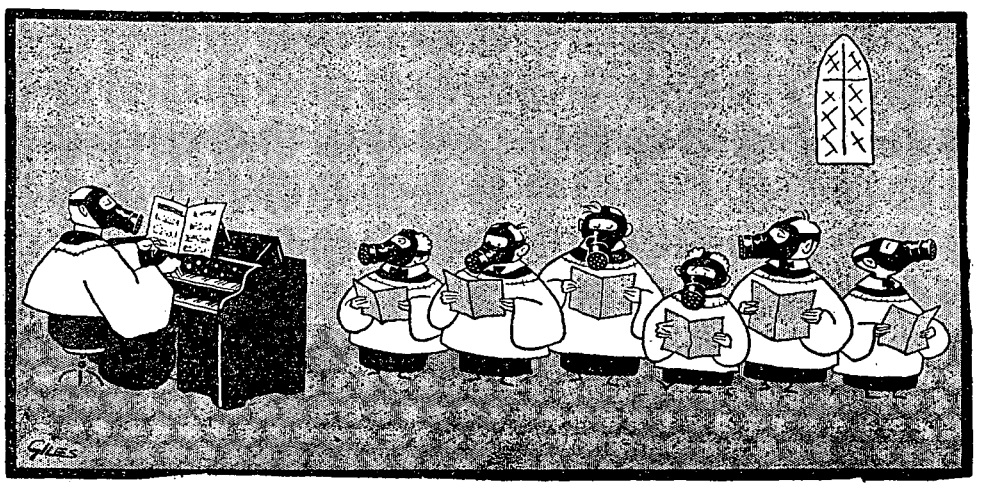
A secondary teacher says that the only people in Ireland who seem able to forget the past are the boys in his history class.

—*Dublin Opinion*, Ireland

Impossible Combination

In him Bulgaria possessed a statesman of European caliber. And yet he was both lovable and true.

—Obituary notice on Dimitri Stanciov in the *Observer*, London



That's About It

Two Italians met in the street. Said the first: "Do you know the difference between Christianity and fascism?"

"Sure. In Christianity, One suffered for all. Under fascism, all suffer for one."

—*L'Europe Nouvelle*, Paris

Must Be Done With Mirrors

Though park railings in Manchester are being removed for scrap, the park gates will be retained and locked as usual at nights to indicate that the parks are in theory closed.

—*Daily Despatch*, Manchester

This Useless War

Do not concentrate your thoughts upon war subjects. You will find it very worrying and very bad for the nerves.

Read, write, sketch, paint, study your vocation; anything that will occupy your mind and your time. Make use of your spare time by concentrating upon something useful.

—Advertisement in the *Strand Magazine*, London

The Elder Statesman

"An enemy of whom one cannot make a friend must be put *hors de combat* forever."

—Bismarck

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nazi Ruination of Denmark

From the *Economist*, London Financial Weekly

THE German occupation has threatened Denmark with economic chaos, for she was cut off overnight from three-quarters of her normal export markets and from more than one-half of her sources of supply. Two-thirds of her agricultural exports had gone to Great Britain alone, and she took third place among Great Britain's European customers.

The German-controlled Copenhagen radio has openly admitted the financial and transport difficulties involved when, after the occupation, stocks destined for Great Britain were suddenly diverted to Germany. The value of these goods amounted to £2,250,000, and they were paid for by German exports. New trade agreements between Denmark and the Baltic countries, including Soviet Russia, have been, or will be, concluded on a clearing basis, but otherwise Denmark is reduced economically, as well as politically, to a part of Germany; and Danish agriculture and industry, cut off from feeding stuffs and raw materials from the West, are consequently facing insoluble problems.

Denmark's agricultural production was like a huge factory converting imported feeding stuffs into livestock products for export. All small and medium-sized farms had to supplement their own crops by purchases of grain, the country's total import surplus of grain and feeding stuffs being approximately 1,200,000 to 1,400,000 tons in a year. As Germany cannot provide them with feeding stuffs, the Danish farmers have already begun the slaughter of the 3,000,000 pigs and the 28,000,000 hens, although the summer grass and the existing stocks have saved the cattle for the time being. Denmark's constant supply to Germany of agricultural products was dependent on the maintenance of her imports from Great Britain and the West, and this had inspired false hopes that Germany would forbear to kill the goose which laid the golden eggs. As it is, when the shortage of feeding stuffs is felt, which must be at the latest in the autumn, the farmers will have to begin the sad task of mass slaughtering.

Danish agriculture has been organized on a co-operative basis ever since the time, sixty to seventy years ago, when her farmers, of their own accord, switched over from grain producing to grain importing and the more profitable livestock industry. Today the growing crisis is threatening to destroy this co-operative basis by splitting the farmers into two extreme political groups for and against the Nazis. If conditions get much worse, the anti-Nazi farmers may resort to ca' canny methods in the hope that by so doing they may shorten their period of slavery.

Meanwhile, the Prime Minister,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stauning, is striving hard to prevent the economic collapse of his country. He has again and again appealed over the wireless to all political parties and classes to share the burden. In May, after broadening his Socialist-Radical Government by inviting representatives of the two other big political parties, the Left and the Conservatives, to join the Cabinet, he tabled a whole set of economic emergency bills which were rushed through the Rigsdag at unprecedented speed. The new laws provide for severe anti-inflationary measures. The automatic adjustment of wages according to an official cost-of-living index number has been abolished. The index itself had risen to 168 in April, compared with 109 in April of last year, but the rise has now been checked by refusing to allow wages to move with it. Another measure fixes the prices of commodities, and yet another attempts to reduce the number of unemployed by making industry share out the work available. Some compensation is given to the workers whose working hours are cut as a result of this measure, and the cost of it is to be met partly from a special tax on all wages and partly from the Government's unemployment fund. The number of registered unemployed was 116,000 in May, an increase of 50,000 on May 1939. But the Germans have been quick to reap the advantages to them of the large number of unemployed. A German labor exchange has been opened in Copenhagen, and many unemployed Danes have already left for Germany, so that the problem of unemployment has taken on a new national and political aspect.

IN THE financial sphere, dividends are limited to 5 per cent of the company's capital plus two-thirds of the average dividend about 5 per cent for the last three years. Many companies, however, especially in the shipping industry, will not be in a position to pay as much as this. The Copenhagen Stock Exchange, which had been closed since April, reopened in May, after the discount rate of the National Bank had been reduced from 5½ to 4½ per cent. This reduction gave a stimulus to fixed-interest bonds, which have continued to show good resistance, but the quotations for other shares are substantially lower than before the German invasion.

FRANCOPHILE

By JOHN SHORT

Goodbye can it be to the epicurean poets,
To Maynard and to Theophile, their forests and their girls,
St. Amant, that connoisseur of cheeses and of cider;
Farewell to the Renaissance—conceits about bright curls?

And goodbye is it also to the disciplined, pure spirits?
Racine or Maritain; Pascal and his Christ-filled skies?
Farewell to the exiled Pastors discussing Kierkegaard,
In Strasbourg and in Paris where scholars sneer at lies?

—*Time and Tide*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An historian predicts that economic pressure may supplant force of arms

War in China in New Phase

By TSUGIMARO IMANAKA

From *Contemporary Japan*, Tokyo Political and Economic Monthly

WITH the new Central Government of China formally installed at Nanking under the leadership of Wang Ching-wei, the question of settling the China affair is bound to assume a new aspect. Emphasis has hitherto been laid on military operations, and even the possibility of Japan and China concluding peace through Chungking was by no means excluded in certain circles. However, the issue now lies not between Japan and China, but between the new régime at Nanking and the Chungking administration. The China affair has evidently entered on a new phase and it behooves us to consider what policy Japan should pursue in aiding the new régime against Chungking.

First of all it may be stated as axiomatic that it is no longer wise for Japan to concentrate herself solely on operations in the field. The struggle seems destined to become an economic rather than a military one. This in no way implies, however, that Japan is anywhere near the end of her military resources. There have been foreigners who predicted that Japan would eventually collapse under the strain of the hostilities in China; but the Japanese people are as confident as ever, and they after all are the best judge of their own potentialities.

If Japan decides to limit her armed operations, it will be because of geographical not military or economic factors. China is a vast country, much of it extremely difficult terrain. Difficulty would certainly attend any Japanese attempt to make a drive on Yunnan, Szechwan and Kansu provinces, especially the last-mentioned province, seeing that the Chungking Government itself, while it was in Nanking, was not able to take action against the Communist troops which fled there.

Economic measures against the Chungking Government are therefore indicated. One measure of this kind which has been taken is a blockade of the China coast. But in that event a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mere blockade of the sea routes to China would not be sufficient; there are overland routes by which Chungking is able to import supplies of munitions and other materials. In this connection one cannot make light of the Chungking Government's plan for economic development of the Chinese hinterland. The difficulty in importing materials is a serious obstacle in the way of this plan's success, but the Chiang administration may eventually be able to attain self-sufficiency by exploiting the vast territory under its control.

In advocating economic measures, however, the writer envisages not so much direct action against Chungking's plans for developing the interior as the laying of a sound foundation that would enable the Chinese masses to pursue their daily tasks in conditions of peace and security. In this way the area under the jurisdiction of the new Central Government should be made attractive for intellectuals and capitalists to return.

The driving force behind the new Government is a peace movement which has grown out of the desire surging among the Chinese masses for a return to their normal routine of existence. They see the futility of keeping up a losing battle with Japan indefinitely, and are fully aware of the havoc that would be wrought by a humiliating peace. If their living is secured, they will be in a mood to welcome the new Government. Japan must therefore direct her policy along the lines of satisfying the basic desire of the Chinese people for freedom of work and security of living conditions. This is the most effective way to weaken and then overthrow the Chungking administration.

With priority, therefore, given to economic rather than military operations, the first question that suggests itself as of great importance is that of Japanese industrial activities in China. Wang Ching-wei and his followers are strongly desirous of readjusting on a rational basis the present system of joint Sino-Japanese management in the areas under his control. They would like to see a reasonable withdrawal on the part of those Japanese who have extended themselves too far in Chinese industries during the hostilities; they consider that the Chinese masses should be allowed to advance on the occupational front also; and they hope for the abolition of some of the Japanese monopolies. National support is a necessary condition for the success of the new Central Government and of its peace and national-reconstruction campaign. National support, however, will not be forthcoming unless Sino-Japanese economic relations are readjusted along the above lines, so they conclude.

If, therefore, Japan is willing to acknowledge the economic independence of the Chinese masses under the jurisdiction of the new Central Government by allowing them freedom of economic activity, there will be an increase in popular support for the Wang Ching-wei Government and a steady weakening of the Chungking administration as a result of their defections to the new régime.

FIRST and foremost, then, Japan must give her closest possible attention to the question of rationalizing the basis of her economic co-operation with China. Taking care not to limit the occupational scope of the Chinese people, she should prepare

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ground for a return of Chinese private capital to the area under the control of the new Government and should encourage the investment of capital already in that area. In this connection it is reassuring to note that talks have come to a satisfactory conclusion for recognizing Chinese supremacy in Sino-Japanese joint concerns, by providing for 51 per cent of the stock to be held by Chinese as against 49 per cent held by Japanese.

Secondly, Japan must make every possible effort to dispel any misgivings that may be felt now or later about the new Central Government both in China and Japan. In the early stages of the China affair a section of the Japanese public advocated direct peace negotiations with Chiang Kai-shek, but after the Konoye Statement was issued most of those advocating peace changed their views. There may still be an undercurrent of opinion favoring direct negotiations with Chungking, but were it possible to conclude peace with Chungking, there would be no need for a new Central Government in China. The fundamental obstacle to direct conclusion of peace with Chungking is not Japan's declared policy of having no further dealings with Chiang Kai-shek, but the refusal of the latter to accept Japan's formula for peace, namely establishment of peaceful relations between Japan and China on a basis of mutual co-operation.

Peace in the sense of a mere cessation of hostilities, without co-operation between Japan and China, is incompatible with the concept of the new order in East Asia. Mutual co-operation between the two countries lies at the very basis of the idea of the new order in East Asia: it is in accord with both the Greater Asiatic Principle advocated by the late Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Kuomintang Party and the National Government, and with the demand for an East Asiatic League of Nations put forward in Japan.

The Chungking Government has evidenced no intention of co-operating in this way with Japan, whereas Wang Ching-wei and his associates hold that lasting peace between Japan and China would be impossible unless the two countries were to co-operate economically. Further, they contend that the dominant intervention of any third power on the basis of its economic influence would bring about a rupture of diplomatic relations between Japan and China.

Thinkers of the old utilitarian school fail to grasp the real meaning behind the inauguration of a new central government in China. They cling to the idea that Sino-Japanese relations could be straightened out by direct negotiations with Chungking and cannot realize that the profits a few capitalists might reap could never pay for the enormous sacrifice

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of life on the altar of peace in East Asia.

A counterpart of the undercurrent of opinion in Japan favoring direct negotiations with Chungking, exists in China in the form of an anti-Wang drive which is not necessarily directed from Chungking, but seems rather to have sprung up spontaneously in the Wang fold. Kao Tsung-wu and Tao Hsi-sheng, who deserted the Wang camp last January, may be regarded as belonging to this movement, whose supporters are opposed to the organization of a new régime. They nonetheless consider the Wang Government useful inasmuch as the existence of this government has led Japan to commit herself as regards peace terms. This movement is thus in a sense a peace movement, but those who belong to it are dissatisfied with the peace formula agreed upon by Japan and the new Government, and do not regard Wang Ching-wei as a successor to Chiang Kai-shek. From their viewpoint the former is merely a decoy.

INCIDENTALLY, some Japanese suspect that even Wang Ching-wei may have some tacit understanding with Chiang Kai-shek in regard to relations between Japan and China. The writer himself has been bombarded with questions in this connection. His clear-cut reply to such questions is that Wang Ching-wei is not in touch with Chungking; the leader of the new Central Government and his associates are acting quite independently and solely in the interests of the Republic.

The stand of those who support the anti-Wang-Ching-wei peace movement in China would be comprehensible if there were the slightest likelihood of China's securing better peace terms from Japan than those at present agreed upon. Of course there is no such possibility, for if there were, Japan would not need to take the round-about path of assisting in the formation of a new central régime; instead she would conclude peace directly with Chungking. The situation in Japan does not allow of peace talks with Chungking, and this for a more substantial reason than the mere declaration that she would have no further dealings with Chiang Kai-shek. The point is that the ideology of Chungking is irreconcilable with that of Japan. The Chiang Kai-shek Government has not only shown itself incapable of understanding the significance of Japan's intention to construct a new order in East Asia; it also refuses to co-operate with Japan in this task. The advocates of peace in China who are opposed to the new Central Government are therefore making a fatal miscalculation. Only in the event of collapse of Japan's present stand could China obtain better peace terms.

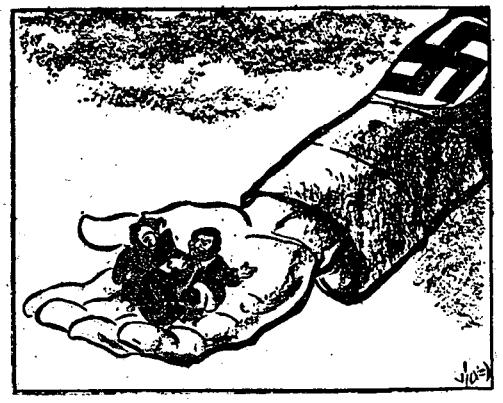
Where does the clue to this miscalculation lie? It is simply this: that the Chinese who are opposed to Wang Ching-wei have misjudged the domestic situation in Japan. Many foreigners, in fact, have made the same mistake, mostly in connection with the policy of economic control instituted by the Abé cabinet. Most foreign powers have underestimated Japan's resources and even in this country a section of the public persisted, until quite recently, in taking a gloomy view of the future. This minority, which stood for direct peace negotiations with Chungking, was defeatist in that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chiang Kai-shek had been advocating long-term resistance against Japan precisely in the hope that such a viewpoint would be put forward in Japan.

When the Abé Cabinet fell after a tenure of only four months, a Shanghai Chinese paper, the *Tamei Wanpao* (*Evening Post*), dealt with it at length, stressing the social and political situation in Japan, under the heading "Japanese Politics in Difficulty." Indeed, not only the vernacular press but also the European-language newspapers in China gave prominence to the supposedly weak economic situation in Japan.

It is hard to say exactly what effect this had on the morale of Chungking, but there is no denying the fact that it made for a stiffening of Chiang's resistance against Japan. When the writer visited Shanghai early this year he found the Chinese much more adamant against Japan than in the previous autumn. The writer learned that in a large section of the Chinese community the extraordinary opinion prevailed that the peace terms negotiated between Wang Ching-wei and Japan were designed to reduce North China to the status of another Formosa, Korea or Manchukuo.



Thus, political developments in Japan have had serious repercussions in foreign countries and especially in China. In view of its past experience the Government would do well to realize that national policies must be based upon the opinion of the people. It should not flatter itself with the belief that a brief government statement is sufficient to lead the nation in the desired direction. Instead, it should work out national policies together with the people in such a way as to enlist their unstinted support.

This is particularly important now that the China affair has entered upon a new phase.

No less urgent is the task facing the Government of revising the system of national economic control. A gloomy picture of economic conditions in Japan has been painted abroad, where efforts are palpably being made to exaggerate the so-called dearth of commodities in this country; whereas little, if any, attention has been paid to blunderings on the part of the Government in carrying out its policies. The impression has thus been created abroad that Japan is suffering from a severe shortage of material resources. Even the *North China Daily News*, a British-owned and managed paper in Shanghai, which is noted for the comparative fairness of its editorial policy, has referred to the famine of goods in this country and to the "failure of Japan's economic control." The Government should realize how undesirable it is to have false impressions of this nature created abroad.

In connection with the question of economic control, two factors claim urgent attention. The first is the tend-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ency of officials in charge of fixing "equitable" prices for commodities to raise the price level—a tendency conducive to the concentration of profits in the hands of a small minority; the other is the vital necessity for the organization of a cabinet strong enough to carry through smoothly all its plans for economic control.

An expansion of armaments or a victory in war is invariably followed by a capitalist advance, as has been proved even in the case of Manchukuo, which was to have been an exception. The Abé Cabinet attempted to control the national economy in the interests of the state alone, but failed miserably. And so the present Yonai Cabinet is compromising with financial leaders in order to insure smooth economic control. It is doing this under the alleged necessity of bringing about harmony between the Government and the people, but actually financiers represent only a very small section of the people. What the state needs is control of economic activity in the interests of all from the truly national point of view. This is only possible if the cabinet is really strong, but unfortunately the tendency toward appointing weak-kneed administrations is deep-seated.

In the writer's opinion, two factors are responsible for this situation. Firstly, the defective system of organizing new cabinets; and secondly, the constant intrigue directed toward overthrowing a cabinet once it has been appointed. Practically every Japanese cabinet has fallen a victim to this type of intrigue, even the comparatively popular Konoye Cabinet. The combination of weak cabinets and constant intrigue is interfering with the enforcement of strong national policies such as Japan needs today, and the situation is crying out for reform.

Inasmuch as the principal factor is the defective system of organizing Japan's cabinets, the criticism recently directed against the senior statesmen may well be considered inevitable. The premier of Japan, if he is to pull the country through the present emergency period, must needs be a statesman with a far-sighted policy of his own. In the period when party government was in force the premier's personal ability was not of the same importance, but today when party government is a thing of the past and bureaucratic government is the rule, the caliber of the premier and his cabinet colleagues is everything.

On the other hand, the political parties themselves cannot be absolved from the blame. They are out of touch with the spirit of the times, uninspired by any definite ideology and, moreover, divided among themselves. For this reason the Diet has forfeited its right to be considered an organ of political guidance. Parties have become an obstacle to good government.

THIS is quite certainly the outward manifestation of an inner process of historical transition, but that is no reason why the Japanese people should sit back and watch what is happening with folded arms. It is quite feasible to rationalize the process of organizing Japan's cabinets so as to enable a statesman with a far-sighted policy of his own to form a ministry.

(Editor's Note: This article was, of course, written before the return to power of Prince Konoye, at the end of July.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A 'Cultural' Note on the Americas

By MANUEL ANTONIO VALLE

Translated from *La Nacion*, Buenos Aires

THERE are many of us Americans who are ignorant of the fact that our hemisphere consists of three Americas. This is obvious. Yet to some people it is heresy to say as much. It is not heresy. Those who are not well versed in geography should seek an opportunity to consult the dictionary.

A gentleman we have known for quite some time discovered the other day that Guatemala is one of the five republics of Central America.

"I confess," he said to me, apologetically, "I confess I did not know, or I may have forgotten, that there are three Americas, to wit: South America, Central America, and North America. I never thought of that.

"Indeed," he continued, in an outburst of sincerity, "in my mind, if you like, only North and South America existed. And even they were confused. I never thought about Central America. One rarely hears about those republics there, and one finishes up by forgetting about them, or so one does in my case."

Now, this gentleman is by no means an illiterate. He is cultured—he buys a newspaper every day—he reads all kinds of books, and sometimes he visits the art exhibitions. He must not be regarded, therefore, as an extreme, or advanced, case. Of course, such ignorance would be more shocking in a really cultivated person than in a person of inadequate culture.

To confess such ignorance is, of course, not a sin for which one must blush. In point of fact, even Bertrand Russell said one day in the United States, when he was talking to Solomón de la Selva, the Nicaraguan poet-journalist, "So you say that Yucatán belongs to Mexico? Alas, I believed that it belonged to the United States!"

Certainly one cannot doubt the extraordinary culture of Bertrand Russell because of this sincere confession of error, which is worthy of the modesty of a great man. But neither can it be denied that Mr. Russell, on this occasion, lowered himself to the level of the least attentive child. Still, in his case, such confusion can be explained. A philosopher of the talents of Mr. Russell who, in addition to that, is an Englishman, surely has preoccupations more important than details of our geography.

There is much talk today about Pan-Americanism. New rivulets of amity run from the plains of North Dakota to the pampas of Tierra del Fuego. Latin America is beginning to interest North America; there were a few honorable exceptions, but until now most North American interest in us was from the commercial perspective.

Intellectuals of the three Americas are co-ordinating their efforts toward a more ample co-operation. A real American spirit should be fostered in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every one of our countries. Of course, here we are not discussing the "professional" American spirit, meaning the speeches of diplomatists.

We who come to the great expanses of the Argentine from Central America do not underestimate our mutual ignorance of the other's country. Some time ago we entered a bank and the teller inquired:

"From where do you come?"

"From El Salvador," we returned, promptly.

"Ah, but you speak Spanish very well."

I do not wish to appear pedantic, but I thereupon delivered myself of a lecture as a kind of honorary professor. I explained to the teller what was necessary in his case.

On another occasion, I preferred to treat this sort of thing humorously. I was having a conversation with a schoolteacher in a hotel in another country; indeed, she had been graduated from a teachers' college, and had come to the capital for some culture. After I had disclosed the country of my origin, El Salvador, she stated this:

"So you made a long voyage. The crossing of the Atlantic must be troublesome indeed. It must have been a great effort for you to learn Spanish."

As I say, I preferred to treat this humorously. So we delivered ourselves of a few quips to this educator of young Latin Americans, and placed El Salvador in the Balkans.

But, on second thought, this is nothing to laugh about. The difference of language and race is a barrier to be overcome only by a mutual desire for understanding. Of course, if such follies were restricted to the uncultured and simple, the situation would not be so grave. But what is really serious is that persons who belong to the cultured classes, so to speak, should display such appalling ignorance. And indeed what is worse is that some of these cultured persons take their ignorance very lightly, and laugh it off!

An example: a poet who is not so young any more said to me the other day, when we were discussing the theme of this article, "There are certain things important and necessary to a schoolteacher, but they are of no use to me. A poet is not a savant."

Nevertheless, many of our intellectuals are grieved indeed to learn that most of their English-speaking colleagues in North America do not know the names of our most cultured writers and poets—not to mention, in addition to all that, our painters, musicians, and so on. And not only do they know nothing about our artistic work, but they don't know that we know all about their writers and their artists! Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis were astonished to learn that the best North American poets and writers are greatly admired in our countries.

THE cause of all this is the absence of bonds among the three Americas. President Roosevelt's Good Neighbor policy will undoubtedly contribute to the store of our knowledge about one another. If not, nothing can be done. Indeed, how can we expect the Americans of another race and another language to know and understand us if we Latin Americans of the same race and language don't understand one another as we should?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twenty-five Years Ago

World events as interpreted by The Living Age, *September 1915*

THE London *Nation* felt, in September 1915, that "voluntary Pan-Americanism is shown by a most convincing array of arguments to be impracticable. There exist no such bonds of economic mutuality, of language, institutions, culture, community of feeling, as are needed for an effective form of political federation. Commerial intercourse on the part of South America with Great Britain and with Germany is far quicker, larger, better established and more profitable than with the United States. . . . Finally, the trade between South America and Europe stands on a basis of greater necessity and gain than that between South America and the United States. Nor are the political and social difficulties, of which race is the core, less destructive of any real extension of the federal idea, so as to convert the continents of North and South America into a great Staaten-Bund." Either victor of the war would undoubtedly attempt to use control of the seas to "fasten his economic power on South America," and, "this commercial and capitalistic control, even if not accompanied by attempts at political annexation, will be a direct challenge to the economic and political independence of the United States." So, after the experiences of the war, Great Britain might "have to face an American call on us, as part of the great settlement, to promote a large reduction of naval armaments and to abate our powers to make sea law and to impose it on neutral powers in times of need. Otherwise, a section of public opinion in the United States may drive that nation along the path of navalism and militarism which the demands of economic internationalism and her political status as a world power seem to require."

A. M. Murray, summing up *Twelve Months of War* in the *Fortnightly Review*, found that the Allies were "stronger, firmer and closer" than ever before. Great Britain was "still only putting her armor on, her policy since the Napoleonic War having been not to attack her neighbors but to defend herself, and for this purpose, as an island power, all she required was a strong navy for protection of her shores and commerce." On Germany's attitude, he quoted Count Reventlow, "a typical Junker representative," in *Tageszeitung*: "The war has proved that no understanding can ever be possible with Great Britain, and Germany cannot accept the position of ruling the world by the side of England. Therefore, we must break the strength of the Island without paying any attention to the possibility of any future friendliness, even long after the war has been terminated. Those who refuse to hate England must be regarded with feelings of contempt and disgust." The *Spectator* congratulated the National Government for, after twelve months, "having taken the first and most essential

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

step for arraying the nation, not merely for the fighting line but, what is equally important, for the better provision of all munitions of war, from shells to bicycle tires. We have got to make a supreme effort not only in the field but in the factory."

James O. Hannay wrote at some length in the *Nineteenth Century and After* on *Ireland and the War*. Ireland had been on the verge of civil war in July 1914, but, after the outbreak of the World War, John Redmond, leader of the Irish Nationalists declared "unswerving loyalty" to the British Empire. "It was the first time Ireland had ever been hailed as the 'One Bright Spot' on the imperial horizon. It will probably be the last." The Ulster Orangemen listened to this praise "a little sulkily. They had made and for many years maintained a corner in Irish loyalty. . . . Ireland as a 'Bright Spot' did not fit into their scheme of things." The "ordinary working Nationalists," were equally disconcerted. Without revolting against Redmond, they still retained "a firm conviction that all enemies of England are deserving of sympathy and support." However, anti-recruiting efforts were not very effective, "except, curiously enough, among the salesmen in drapers' shops. Why drapers' assistants and shopmen should be more susceptible than other classes of the community to attacks of doctrinaire Nationalism is hard to discover." At the same time, there was tacit agreement in England that the Registration Bill should not apply to Ireland, since "no one is quite sure what would happen if it were." Recruiting had been particularly unsuccessful among the farmers, both north and south. "They are not pro-Germans. They are not even anti-English. They are simply unwilling to disturb themselves and quite determined that the State shall not disturb them."

In the *British Review*, T. H. S. Escott said, "Since his ancestor and third namesake, no English ruler, in everything that concerned character, personal preferences and tastes, had ever been such a stranger to the great majority of his people as King George V [when he took the throne]. Today, of those who have wielded the British scepter since the Anglo-Scotch Union, none within a short half decade ever became more widely familiar in daily life and habit than the ruler increasingly identified with his entire people by a war directed equally against himself, his dynasty and realm."

Of Russia's part in the war, A. C. Alford wrote in the *Nineteenth Century and After*: "Those who know the Russian nation and consider the fighting qualities of her soldiers, their certainty of victory in a popular war and their love of their country and their Tsar, have no doubt that the Grand Duke Nicholas will ultimately lead his victorious troops through the streets of Berlin."

IN THE *Fortnightly Review*, S. P. B. Mais described the death of Rupert Brooke, many of whose poems had been published in *The Living Age*: "Early in April he contracted sunstroke; septicemia then mysteriously set in, and he died aboard a French hospital ship on Shakespeare's supposed death day and lies buried on the island of Lemnos, the greatest poet of his time. It reads like legend; it is so exactly what each of us would have demanded of our fairy godmother had we had the chance."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters and the Arts

By ALFRED KREYMBORG

IN THE Green Mountains of Vermont, where we are spending a quietly productive summer teaching and learning things at the Bread Loaf School of English, it is good to reflect on the place of education in the creative life. At a time of revolution abroad, where old books have been burned or outlawed because they do not conform to the latest ideology and where new books have to be written with a careful weighing of their possible reception on high, it is good to find Nature green and free, and not riding a plane or a tank. Here, although the daily news blows in from abroad, nothing is despairing or hopeless, and books hold out against the latest conquest.

Peace is the kind of refreshment we receive in the old inn and barns which have grown into the Bread Loaf School without losing track of the soil from which lasting things derive. Although the student body is composed of teachers who come from all parts of the land and whose faces show traces of the academic grind through which they have attained their present standing, there is nothing too academic in the air or in the classrooms over which the instructors preside. The mood is one of inspiration through which information is released on a human scale. More often than not, you find some poet talking out of his own experience, since books come out of experience and not out of other books. More often than not, you find some professional critic quietly urging his listeners to formulate their own opinions, instead of merely echoing his own. There is an attempt to establish an impersonal rather than a personal creed, or a creed based on the particular bias or temperament of the instructor. The students, no matter how young, are treated like adults, and the instructor doesn't sit on a platform and talk down from the altitudes. The instructor is anxious to learn where his people come from and where they return and why. Their schools are his in imagination and his school is theirs.

Happily, Bread Loaf is not the only green spot on this planet of ours. But with red spots gathering in greater and greater numbers and other spots falling gray before their time, one is grateful for the green, even in one small place. There is much to be said for education at this time. There is much to be said for the restraints of education when some, growing hotheaded too soon, demand declarations of war before we are ready.

Schools are a medium for life and life a medium for schools to test one another. The great heritage of the past is more than an argument against the destructive forces of any given time. Warfare, no matter how swift and decisive, is not even an interruption to the song of the masters. One can see some student going by with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a book under his arm, the book as much flesh and blood as himself. It may be a copy of Thomas Hardy and what the student has read no more than half a page. But the body of the student, communing with the blue overhead and the surrounding green, has the body and energetic dust of Hardy for company. And if old Tom, the Wessex philosopher, who wrote most of his verse after sixty, had left no more than a half page, he would have left enough. It is called *In Time of the Breaking of Nations.*

LESS than a hundred miles from Bread Loaf, as the car flies, Bennington College presented its annual summer festival of the arts. There were programs of contemporary music and of seventeenth and eighteenth century music under the direction of Otto Luening and Ralph Kirkpatrick; *The King and the Duke*, a melodramatic farce based on Huckleberry Finn and written and directed by Francis Fergusson; and a program of dances by Martha Graham and her company. Of outstanding interest in the dance of festival was the presentation of *Letter to the World*, a choreographic interpretation of poems by Emily Dickinson.

For many years past I have argued for the use of dramatic poetry, instead of music, as the basis of dancing, since poetry supplies the libretto as well as the rhythmic design of a mood or ballad. And, in the Californian days when Miss Graham was still an instructor at Denishawn, we tried such a program under her direction—with poems of mine. It must be obvious by now that poetry has been absent from the theater over too long a period. The fault lies with the poets as well as the entrepreneur, since the average poet writes for a private rather than a public audience, while the average entrepreneur has lost all imagination. The entrance of Emily Dickinson onto the stage through the art of Martha Graham should prove an event of the widest significance and should encourage a closer co-operation among all artists of the theater.

The summer theaters are once more providing the vacationist with plays he has seen on Broadway or with new plays which are hopeful of reaching the metropolis in the fall. There is, as usual, little or no drama expressive of the community in which it is presented and the local citizen has to be content, as he usually is, with the successful ephemera of former seasons or the problematical ephemera of the future. Earlier in their careers, some summer theaters adventured in experiment and it was possible to view certain things that strove beyond a box-office appeal. There are those among us who looked upon summer theaters as the one place where real experiment tending toward a genuine art of the theater might be tried and developed. But our heroic taste has been undermined and overruled by the old octopus that reaches out its tentacles from the little isle of Manhattan.

FROM a larger island overseas, infested by daily and nightly bombing, we hear the cheering news that the theater, the gallery, the concert hall, the ballet, and the "business" of printing books have not given up the battle for civilization. On Harrington Road in London, a gallery called

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Neighbourhood is housing schools for ballet, drama and music, in addition to painting and sculpture, and among the student body are soldiers who were wounded at the front and whose zest for living and culture has been sharpened by shrapnel. Feeling themselves articulate in a world run down by death or quasi-death, their minds are mature enough for the tasks of serious—in preference to ephemeral — expression. Doubtless we shall also be hearing from the poets who are still alive, just as we heard from Sassoon and Graves and Owen and Sorley after the first World War. In this connection we shall also be hearing from their blood brothers in Germany, or the descendants of that monumental anti-war volume: *Menschheitsdämmerung*. That book was issued in black covers.

In the theater it is encouraging to learn that a play that was produced by our own Group Theater for a short run in New York is an outstanding summer success in London. Never given to over-flattery of things American, British critics have hailed *Thunder Rock* as nothing less than "a great play." One critic concludes: "That its author, Robert Ardrey, is an American is not to be wondered at; for it may well be true that a full vision of the torment of the human soul today must rely on a space of ocean separating the immediate agonies from the agonies which yet may come." That we are in for agonies over here, if we haven't felt them already, must be apparent to even the most complacent soul. There are artists in this country who have caught and limned our tragedies during times of peace and these may be relied on in the dawn of any battle that may reach our shores in some sudden tomorrow.

POEM

By C. DAY LEWIS

It would be strange
If at a crucial question, in wild-beast dens
Or cellars sweating with pain the stammerers
Should find their confidence.

It would be strange
If the haphazard starling learned a neat
Construction from the goldcrest and the black-cap's
Seamless song in a night.

It would be strange
If from the consternation of the ant-hill
Arose some order angelic, ranked for loving,
Equal to good or ill.

It would be more than strange
If the devil we raised to avenge our envy, grief,
Weakness, should take our hand like a prince and raise us
And say, "I forgive."

—*The Spectator*, London

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking of Books

By LEON BRYCE BLOCH

TOO much confusion has marked the conversation of the common man in America these past months. Some of the incident mental upset is the result of reading too many pointless books, some the result of an inability to think clearly and some has been sown by the agents of totalitarian leaders abroad.

Professor Charles Beard warned of this confusion, inherent in the collapse of our social systems, in an article which appeared in these columns many months ago. In the same article, he also expressed the belief that some outstanding mind would solve our problem by providing a synthesis of all that remained of the race's heritage, which synthesis might become the basis for a new social and political order.

It seems to me that now there has appeared the mind with the promised synthesis, in the person of Lewis Mumford. And his testament he calls *Faith for Living*.

Truly a Faith for Living, this volume provides a sure bottom—in this twentieth century sea of uncertainty and death—for those who are still whole enough, alive enough, to make its philosophy and ethos a breathing, forceful reality. In the beginning—this faith is not force, or wealth or life even—in the beginning is the Word. The word made real, the word made principle, the word made life meaningful. The word that expresses the symbols and values that derive from man's long heritage and that expresses that simple relationship of values and things which has gotten so far away from most of us. Out of the word will grow our ethics, our feelings, our esthetics—all our inner experiences. Also out of it will blossom science, economics and the proper use of the machine. But in the beginning must be the word, or all is pride, vanity, greed and confusion.

"He who debases the word, as the Fascists have so unsparingly done, breeds darkness and confusion and all manner of foulness," thus speaks Mr. Mumford. And it merely adds confusion to confusion to protest that many of our industrialists, bankers, teachers, politicians, scientists and priests have in the past also debased the word. One must make quantitative distinctions, as Mr. Mumford points out. That man who sees no difference between the small quantity of dust that is swept out of the home each morning, and the filth and ordure in the pig-stye, is worse than blind.

Mr. Mumford tells us in a short preface that *Faith for Living* begins where *Men Must Act* left off. Actually it began long before the beginning of Mr. Mumford. It began in the dim recesses of the author's vaguely felt racial residues, in all that is in him of that eternal culture which is God in the soul of man. Mr. Mumford fears that the book is twenty years too late. It is two centuries too late and yet not too late at all. It is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two centuries too late to resolve the contradictions of capitalism, but just in time to give a blinded and hopeless mankind new faith with which to build a new civilization.

In the disintegration of the liberal-capitalist civilization I perceive a sheriff's auction for the right to pattern the world in which we are to live tomorrow. Yesterday the highest bidder was Adolph Hitler, today it is Lewis Mumford. Yesterday the offer was the force of barbarism, today it is the power of Christ. Truly men must act.

The great battle is on at last. The combat will be decided not on the physical level of war. The decision must lie in the hearts of men. Two powerful adversaries have again come to grips. This year of grace 1940 marks a new high in the infinite struggle between those god-like qualities in man which have led him away from beasthood toward Godhood, and those primal instincts (the backlag of eons of savagery) which have ever tugged him down to bestiality.

Mr. Mumford has demonstrated with a fearful clarity the real issues at stake today. No intelligent reader of *Faith for Living* will have any illusions about what Hitler is fighting for—not territory as was Napoleon, not power as was Machiavelli, but the soul of man. And this current struggle will decide whether or not mankind is to preserve its small residues of culture, painfully saved through many crises.

We, in America, who may be the last men in the world left to challenge this modern Attila, who is far more dangerous than was Attila, must act now—and our first act must be to make a decision. We must decide here and now, like Dr. Faustus, whether we will (tired of life and struggle) surrender to the devil—or accept the word for our salvation and pledge ourselves to fight with our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

Mr. Mumford develops his thesis, in this book, with beautiful clarity, logic and order. In the first chapter he demonstrates that we are engaged in a struggle for survival, and that there is no escape from the wrath to come. He says:

"Now, for the first time in human history there is no spot on earth where the innocent may find refuge. . . . we had not interpreted man's history well enough. We had glibly assumed that barbarism was a condition that civilized man had left permanently behind him; that certain kinds of bestiality and violence, could never occur on a grand scale again. We did not realize that in each generation man must reconquer the Yahoo within him, and re-establish his right to be human."

In Chapter III, Mr. Mumford points to the inner decay that has taken hold of modern man and compares it with that inner decay that destroyed the Roman Epire. At the moment the Romans had luxury for most men and bread for all, life was not sweet.

"People asked for bread and unfortunately all they got was bread, as if man could live by bread alone. Bored, surfeited, people looked about them for a religion that would have some meaning for them . . . ."

However, in this society lived Christians who had given away their fortunes.

"A similar renunciation, a similar act of sacrifice might have kept the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roman Empire going indefinitely, if the ruling classes could have mustered the faith that would have enabled them to make it."

"In the very generation that Rome finally fell into the hands of the barbarians, there were renewed expenditures, on a grand scale, for public works."

And I here point out that Mr. Mumford might have cited France, and the refusal of her ruling class to sacrifice for the common good. No one there would give up anything—neither the Blums nor the Daladiers.

There is a splendid chapter on "the unearned increment of religion," which traces the aggrandizement of the machine and the degradation of man in the nineteenth century. Coming into the twentieth century was a morally bankrupt generation that added nothing to its ethical and cultural heritage, but just lived on the unearned increment left by the past. But soon the increment was spent, and "Those who had lived for so long on the unearned increment of religion were unable, like most *rentiers,* to support themselves by their own independent efforts."

The power of religion had vanished and its place was taken by the religion of power. Says Mr. Mumford:

"Let us examine the features of this new creed; for it is the last grizzled, pock-eaten, warped, dehumanized visage of the power personality that now parades before the world as fascist youth."

Then he asks:

"Is there religion enough left in the mass of humanity to counteract the negative and diabolical religion that has swept to victory as fascism?"

The balance of the book is really an answer to that question, in spite of the expressions of personal opinion and the analyses of liberalism, Catholicism, Protestantism, and an examination of human values such as love, tradition, the family and work.

But, after all I have said about this book, there is one final word that negates my effort: this book should not be examined, reviewed, evaluated, it should be presented to and made required reading for every preacher and teacher, every politician and bartender, every artist and banker, every taxi driver and brush salesman, also every Fascist and Nazi in the United States.

FAITH FOR LIVING. *By Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 333 pages. $2.00.*

•

HITLER AND I. *By Otto Strasser. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1940. 249 pages. $2.50.*

This Nazi Trotsky paints a vivid picture of the beginnings of the party rise in Germany, and his own heresy. There is an air of self-righteousness about the tome that ill befits a man who was one of the chief instigators of everything he now attacks. An interesting psychological study in frustation.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY. *By Harold J. Laski. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1940. 278 pages. $2.50.*

Mr. Laski, one of the great anomalies of our intellectual life, a cogent thinker in a philosophy of confusion, has produced one of his most competent jobs. His preoccupation with a religion of power permits him to postulate an ideal political system with an all-powerful President. Although he sees the Presidency hemmed in by limiting concepts, his concern with externals defeats the effectiveness that he hopes for through conceptual idealism. Mr. Laski's old weakness of contempt for the past and infinite faith in the present, crops up again. Some reviewers have compared him to Bryce—even called him su-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

perior—but he lacks Bryce's historical perceptions.

THE IRRESPONSIBLES. *By Archibald MacLeish. New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce. 1940. 34 pages. $1.00.*

One of the most devastating arraignments of the scholars and writers among us, indicting each group's evasion of its obvious responsibilities. Written by the Librarian of Congress, who is also one of our most erudite scholars and finished men of letters. Here is a book not to be missed by workmen in the arts and crafts, whether or no they feel that the shoe pinches. A fine call to assumption of responsibility in an irresponsible world.

THEY WANTED WAR. *By Otto D. Tolischus. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 340 pp. $3.00.*

THIS is a terrifying book. The adjective is not overweighted to describe this study by Mr. Tolischus, for many years a New York *Times* correspondent at Berlin, of the unbelievably painstaking and relentless method by which Hitler and his associates prepared the way for the military conquest of Europe, with an eye on eventual conquest of the world. In its present stages, the war is terrifying enough even in newsprint; but in this expert exposition of the Nazi measures that prefaced the conflict, the effect on the reader is somehow even more appalling and sickening than the actuality of war itself. The Nazis in their incredibly efficient preparations apparently left nothing undone and nothing untouched—in less than seven years they perverted and exploited to their own ends—which were war—every normal institution and custom and ethic of modern living, everything that touched the German from the cradle to the grave.

It is difficult to believe that the human animal is capable of such efficiency, such single-mindedness and ruthlessness as Mr. Tolischus makes abundantly clear in *They Wanted War*. The book is far and away the most revealing blueprint we have had of Nazi Germany, at least in English. Mr. Tolischus makes it enormously effective by his restrained style and, for the most part, by allowing the facts to tell this Nazi tale of horror. Yet he has an observant eye for human-interest details that illuminate the scene, and perhaps two of his best chapters are those on Hitler at Berchtesgaden, with its description of the Führer's hideaway that bristles with guards and guns, and that stressing the genesis of Nazi ideology in the Nibelungen tetralogy. But he is at his best, and his most informative, in the chapters that expose and explain the economic measures of the Nazis; Mr. Tolischus has the gift of transforming economics, that "dismal science," into readable copy.

YET *They Wanted War* is dark reading, in its overtones, for those who want to see Hitler defeated. When the reader has finished Mr. Tolischus' meticulously documented pages, it is difficult to believe that these modern-day Tartars, who did not overlook a trick in their preparations, can be defeated. The author draws no novel conclusion for the reasons underlying the German successes, but he states them succinctly, thus:

"When all is said that can be said about the German achievement, the fact which history will record as the main element in German success is the political passivity and rigidity of the democracies, which stuck their heads in the sand against the approaching storm and even after the outbreak of the war settled back comfortably behind the Maginot Line and the British fleet to wait for Germany's collapse. It was this factor which permitted Hitler to seize and hold the initiative from the start, to split his opponents and pick them off one by one."

The volume has been put together expertly from the cables of the past few years sent by Mr. Tolischus from Berlin. He is now in Stockholm after his expulsion from Germany. *They Wanted War* should finally persuade any doubting Americans that Hitler has immediate aims of extending his domination over this hemisphere, and that this country needs the utmost skill and most competent leadership to halt him, and to halt him now. Mr. Tolischus does not belabor the point, but nevertheless drives it home, when he writes that "all the slogans invoked in the war against France and Britain apply with redoubled force against the United States."

According to its own vociferous proclamations, National Socialist Germany is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pitting "blood against gold" in a fight against "decadent democracy" and "rapacious plutocracy," depending on a free economy and world trade, in order to substitute for them a new world order based on national and international "socialistic" planning under authoritarian governments and a peace guaranteed by German arms. —L. M.

POETS AND POETRY

Beyond Surrealism

BY EUGENE JOLAS

A READING of recent advance-guard magazines indicates a profound stirring in the world of poetry. The shock of the war and the political readjustments of a rotting civilization are turning the attention of the poets away from sociological preoccupations toward more metaphysical and romantic intuitions. The poets are turning from the contemporary descriptions to an inner reality.

To an objective observer, the militancy of the American surréalist movement is an interesting spectacle. Surréalism has really conquered America. The work of Charles Henri Ford, Parker Tyler, Harold Rosenberg, follows pretty closely the pioneering phase of the early surréalists of the twenties, and has an American ambiance that has fine promises. Surréalism undoubtedly was a movement of historic importance. It crystallized the anti-intellectualist insurrection in Europe. It brought a delirious pleasure in the sudden grammatical revolt through Dada, in the breaking away from the pedantic conventions of writing. Surréalism systematized the Dada anarchism through the manifestoes and experiments of André Breton.

It is safe to assume that it will not survive the new French political reaction. It is up to American poets to continue the work. We can foresee a transvaluation of ideas here, brilliant constructions in the American imagination, new fabulous inventions in a mediumistic language. It was this I had in mind, when I introduced in *transition*, during the years from 1927 to 1932, systematic translations of work by André Breton, Paul Eluard, Robert Desnos, Benjamin Péret, Jacques Baron, Marcel Noll, as well as the work of surréalist sympathizers and predecessors like Léon-Paul Fargue, St. Jean-Perse, Novalis and many others.

I did this, in spite of the fact that I did not agree, in those years, with the surréalist premises. I opposed a rigid formulation or dogmatism which could only paralyze the free imagination. I did not believe in the one-sided tendency toward a kind of descending mysticism which characterized the work of the young men of Paris. I was against the methodical effort towards subversion which seemed to inhibit that feeling for a constructive romanticism which we all sensed was somehow an urgent necessity. Surréalism was definitely the movement that preceded the French collapse. The American poets may build on its general libertarian foundation, but they will have to go be-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yond it. They will have to become *verticalist*, seek the cosmic consciousness in sidereal fancies, reconstruct the myth of flying.

When the creative history of this age is written, there will be many attempts at finding a common denominator for the apparently irreconcilable trends at work during the period. We may assume that the inner struggle was based on a romantic and mystic nostalgia. Taking as a premise the fearfulness of existence, the real poets, during the past thirty years, strove to express their preoccupation with life and death, the apocalyptic disquiet, the entire texture of human distress and hope. They tried to find a vast synthesis, to portray the wholeness of existence, the unity of life. They ended by eulogizing life-and-death. The romantic movement that suddenly vanished in a kind of drugged sleep a hundred years ago, after a period of great literary and psychological proliferation, was resurrected. The poets threw off the shackles of the scientific and naturalistic intellectualism that had chained them for so many decades. All the so-called modern movements: cubism, expressionism, dadaism, surréalism, stemmed directly from romanticism. Freud and Jung gave the revolution an ideological sub-stratum. The nocturnal sense reemerged. We can see a straight line going from the discoveries of de Nerval, Borel, Troexler, Lichtenberg, von Arnim and others, to the researches of psychoanalysis. These romantics were the first explorers of the unconscious, the instinctive, the automatic. They were on a quest for the world of the dream and the magical. Other poets and philosophers, like Novalis, Baader and Brentano, emphasized the transcendental and mystic element, and became interested in the renaissance of symbolical lore.

THIS general romantic tendency may be traced in almost all of modern poetry. We have it in the utopian ideals for a new social order (Louis Aragon, Kenneth Patchen), in mystic conceptions (Rainer Maria Rilke, Paul Claudel), in geographical romanticism (St. Jean Perse, Archibald Macleish), in spiritual explorations (the New Apocalypse), in neo-surréalist Americanesques (Charles Henri Ford), in pan-mythic and pan-symbolic reconstructions (Muriel Rukeyser). The *Revolution of Language* which I inaugurated some years ago, belongs in this romantic universe, and could be applied, with a fair promise of success, to the current interest in radio-poetry.

The publication of Federico Garcia Lorca's *The Poet in New York*, in a translation by Rolfe Humphries, brings this pan-romantic tendency into focus. The book contains the original Spanish texts side by side with the Englished texts, and presents many poems for the first time in either language. It is the book of a great lyric and dramatic poet. This promenade through the "romantic labyrinth of New York" by the poet, whose tragic death at the hands of Franco's bestial henchmen in 1936 aroused the entire literary world, uses that fantastic imagination so characteristic of the Spanish creative expression—not a surréalist imagination, as so many facile observers state, but one steeped in the baroque. Lorca stems from Gongora. Some of the titles indicate the direction: *Poems of Solitude at Columbia University*, *Pat-*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tern and Paradise of the Negroes, The King of Harlem, Dance of Death, Blind Panorama of New York and *Ode to Walt Whitman*, with its strange lines:

New York of mire
New York of wires and death
What angel have you hidden in the cheek?
What perfect voice will tell the truth of the wheat?
Who the dread dream of your soiled anemones?

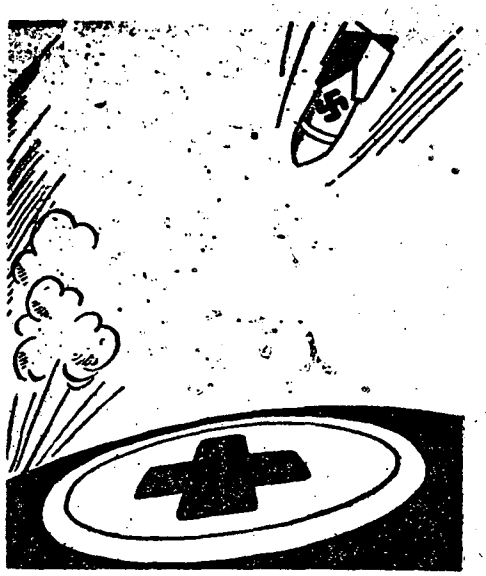
Not for a single moment handsome old Walt Whitman
Have I forgotten your beard full of butterflies

And that charming poem: *The Poet Reaches Havana*:

When the full moon comes, I'll go to Santiago de Cuba
I'll go to Santiago
In a carriage of dark water
I'll go to Santiago
The palm-thatch will be singing
I'll go to Santiago
When the palm-tree wants to be a stork
I'll go to Santiago
And when the banana wants to a jelly-fish
I'll go to Santiago
I'll go to Santiago
With the golden head of Fonseca
I'll go to Santiago
With the rose of Romeo and Juliet
I'll go to Santiago
Paper sea and silver money
I'll go to Santiago
O Cuba, rhythm of dry seeds
I'll go to Santiago
Burning waist and drop of wood
I'll go to Santiago
Harp of living trunks. Crocodile. Tobacco flower.
I'll go to Santiago
I always said I'd go to Santiago
In a carriage of dark water
I'll go to Santiago
Breeze and alcohol on the wheels
I'll go to Santiago
My coral in the dark
I'll go to Santiago
The sea drowned in the sand
I'll go to Santiago
White heat, dead fruit
I'll go to Santiago
Bovine freshness of the reeds
O Cuba! Cuba! curve of sighs and clay
I'll go to Santiago

Lorca's books were burned in the Plaza del Carmen at Granada by the Franquists and are banned in Spain today. Thus his work is published outside of his native land today, and the present effort is a case in point. It contains also the originals and translations of the *Romancero Gitano*, in which I miss, however, the best ones.

THE POET IN NEW YORK. *By Federico Garcia Lorca. Translated by Rolfe Humphries. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1940. 209 pages. $2.50.*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS ABROAD

NAZI LITERATURE

(*Facts in Brief*, New York City)

(The following article, appearing recently in Facts in Brief, *published by the German Library of Information, New York City, gives a Nazi estimate of the "approved" writers in the Reich of today. By way of comment, all that needs to be said is that the Nazis since 1933 expelled or imprisoned in concentration camps, or forced into exile, such universally hailed geniuses as Thomas Mann, Heinrich Mann, Franz Werfel (executed in Paris by the Nazis, according to latest reports), Leon Feuchtwanger, Sigmund Freud, Albert Einstein, Erich Remarque, and scores of others. Moreover, the "Burning of the Books," held in Berlin soon after Hitler's seizure of power, is additional evidence of the profound regard of National Socialists for acknowledged literary masterpieces. — The Editors.)*

GERMAN literature of the first three decades of the present century is a bewildering array of conflicting personalities and movements. Naturalism and impressionism, symbolism and expressionism, surrealism and new objectivity harass the reader and make it nearly impossible to arrive at a definite estimate. At best, the period merely proved that multiplicity of literary events is not synonymous with inner richness, and that an exaggerated individualism leads to a babel of voices rather than to a healthy cultural diversity.

However, this early twentieth-century literature forms the background for the development of the unity of purpose and responsibility in the German literature of today. The literary revolution that has taken place has unseated the demigods of yesterday and supplanted them with more stable writers. Thus a continuous thread of evolution runs from the turn of the century to the present. The recent revolutionary changes are serving to consolidate pre-World-War movements and to give them new impetus.

One of the current schools that have to a certain extent been inspired by the literature of forty years ago is the "back-to-the-soil" movement. It was about 1900 that a group of young writers first protested against the "evils of the big cities," their slums and their hothouse literature and sought to divert their readers back to the traditional agricultural regions. They sang of the rich and unadulterated civilization of the German provinces.

Some of these older writers are still active in German literature. In fact some—including Gustav Frenssen, Wilhelm Schäfer, Karl Schönherr and Emil Strauss—have only recently created their masterpieces.

In 1934, thirty-three years after his first masterful novel, *Der Engelwirt*, appeared, Emil Strauss published his *Riesenspielzeug*, one of the significant novels of present-day Germany. The *Engelwirt* describes how a headstrong Suabian peasant acquires wisdom and learns to appreciate his own country after a sojourn in foreign lands. Ruefully he returns from Brazil to his native soil and to his sympathetic and understanding wife. The hero of the *Riesenspielzeug* is a student who is dissatisfied with the industrialization which overtook the world at the turn of the century. Hard work and intelligent planning enable him to find his way back to the soil.

Since its beginning, the back-to-the-soil movement has branched out considerably until today innumerable writers, both young and old, from all parts of Germany may be classified under this head. The most distinguished of the younger members of this group are the North Germans, Hans Friedrich Blunck, the late Friedrich Griese, Ernst Wiechert, and Karl Benno von Mechow, and the South Germans Karl Heinrich Waggerl and Hermann Eris Busse. Blunck has for some time been president of the National Literary Guild (*Reichsschrifttumskammer*). Von Mechow is one of the editors of Germany's leading magazine for modern literature, *Das inner Reich*.

Although their works belong to the back-to-the-soil movement, Hans Grimm and the late Josef Ponten are best known for their treatment of the problems of Germans who no longer live within the homeland.

Not all of the works of the above writers may be labeled as back-to-the-soil novels. Blunck, for instance has also written historical novels—some of which seek to trace the rise of German civilization from as far back as pre-historic times, some of which deal with the little-known facts of history.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Since the high genre of writers like Blunck had already been well-established when Chancellor Hitler came into power, it cannot be claimed that historical novels have been written to provide escape from urgent political and economic problems. A knowledge of history is encouraged to help the present-day readers to find their roots in the past, to free them from unjustified pride and egotism, to familiarize them with the chain of events in which they are playing an important part.

This historical concept can be most clearly seen in the works of the Sudeten-German author, Erwin Guido Kolbenheyer. Kolbenheyer is best known for his *Paracelsus* trilogy, published between 1917 and 1925. The best of his most recent novels is *Das gottgelobte Herz* (1938), while *Die Brücke* (1929) is considered his best drama. In this play the senseless conflict between two generations dissolves into mutual respect.

It is no coincidence that many of the historical novels deal with decisive wars. The great experience of the World War is the obvious incentive for such literature. At first only lyric poets tried seriously to cope with the overwhelming subject of war. In the first years of peace, the chief desire of the people was to suppress their experience and resume normal life. It is therefore understandable that more than a decade had to pass before *real* war novels could appear. Of all the novels written about the war, Americans are familiar only with those which, like Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1929), view the subject from a defeatist point of view. However, writers like Remarque reflect only the superficial aspect of a very small group of people. The experience of others was deeper and could not be expressed by such a shallow philosophy.

Hans Carossa, as a physician, took part in the Rumanian campaign of 1916. It was his task to treat wounds and to assuage suffering. Surely, although he was no less patriotic than his fellow soldiers, such a man could not glorify war. However, Carossa sought the reasons for war. He would not accept the popular belief that armed conflicts were caused by faulty political programs or haphazard economic organization. Searching further, he experienced the general human deficiency in trying to master the great problems of the world. For this there is no cure, he concludes in *Tagebuch im Kriege*

L. SCHUCMAN
21 EAST 17TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Specialist in scholarly and out of print books at second-hand prices.

L. SCHUCMAN
21 EAST 17TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

Our unusually large and choice stock is especially rich in those fields which are sure to interest readers of THE LIVING AGE

ECONOMICS—GOVERNMENT
HISTORY—LAW

CATALOGUES on the above listed subjects will be sent to you on request —gratis. We will also be pleased to search for and quote on out of print and desired items. No fee is asked for any of these services. Please make use of them.

SPECIAL NOTE — Why not inspect a new 3000 item history library which is now on display.
Hours from 9 A. M.—6 P. M.

L. SCHUCMAN
21 EAST 17TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White Mountains

ALL THE SPORTS, ENTERTAINMENT AND COMFORTS OF A FIRST CLASS ESTABLISHMENT • NO HAY FEVER RESTRICTED CLIENTELE . . .

Season
JUNE 29 — OCT. 2

NEW YORK REPRESENTATIVE
L. S. LAW
500 Fifth Avenue
(Room 1106)
PENNSYLVANIA 6-9557

Booklet & Rates
WRITE
BARRON HOTEL CO.
Crawford Notch, N.H.
OR ASK
MR. FOSTER TRAVEL OFFICES

CRAWFORD HOUSE
CRAWFORD NOTCH · NEW HAMPSHIRE

SOURCE & OUT-OF-PRINT
BOOK SPECIALISTS
IN BOOKS ON CRIME CRIMINOLOGY
Detective Fiction
(By Mail Only)
THE CRIME SHOP
Louis Greenfield 40-26 Ithaca St.
Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

(1934), and we can only remain silent and submit to our fate. Similar ideas are expressed in Werner Beumelburg's *Gruppe Mosèmüller* (1930), Rudolf G. Binding's diary, *Aus dem Kriege* (1924), Friedrich Griese's *Das letzte Gesicht* (1933), Ernst Jünger's *Wäldchen 125* (1920), and Josef Magnus Wehner's *Sieben vor Verdun* (1930).

Since these authors regard war as a common human fate, their point of view comprises a genuine sympathy for the soldiers and noncombatants on both sides during war. *Brüder*, which is considered Heinrich Lersch's best poem, vividly describes a scene in No Man's Land. A German soldier crawls from a trench through barbed-wire entanglements to a corpse he believes is that of a friend. He discovers that the dead man was an enemy and realizes that the soldiers on the other side are subject to the same human fate that he faces. He carries the body back to the trench, with the conviction that he has really brought home a brother.

Edwin Erich Dwinger's diaries of the Russian Revolution and Bruno Brehm's story, *Apis und Este* (1931), also deal intimately with life on both sides of the fields of honor. Brehm's portrayal of the World War as affecting Serbia is so just and impartial that the reader is often inclined to believe that the author is a Serb himself. The same feeling pervades Ina Seidel's novel, *Das Wunschkind* (1933) which depicts the emotional turmoil that envelopes a wife and mother whose husband and son have fallen in battle. Miss Seidel's great work ends in a deeply religious note, heralding the growth of a new religious conviction in modern German literature.

THE new trend toward the religious was felt in German poetry as early as 1905, when the Austrian poet, Rainer Marie Rilke, published his *Stundenbuch (Book of Hours)*. Rilke writes of God's incomprehensible presence everywhere. Proof of the fact that Rilke continues to hold the attention of German youth are the numerous articles on him published in the last few years. His tradition is upheld by a host of younger lyric poets. Like Rilke the younger poets see God's spirit everywhere, in fields and mountains, in factory workers and peasants, in change and reconstruction. Johannes Linke in his *Der Baum* (1934) lends new color to the old theme of God's glory in nature. In *Späte Krone* (1936) Josef Weinheber produces powerful hymnical eulogies of eternal values. Although Rilke's influence is most keenly felt, it is the *style* of Stefan George that is most

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

imitated today. Perhaps the greatest of George's writings is *Das neue Reich* (1928), a highly prophetic work, published only five years before his death.

Other prominent lyric poets of the older group are Börries von Münchhausen, Lulu von Strauss und Torney, and Agnes Miegel. These writers are known chiefly for their ballads that treat the transcendental in historical and legendary events. Their work is less revolutionary and shows the influence of German folk songs that, since the days of romanticism, have been a decisive force in shaping lyric poetry. Since the 1933 rejuvenation of Germany, this influence has once more strongly asserted itself. Many of the new poems have been set to music and are sung by *Sängerbünde* (Singing Societies) throughout Germany.

Several young storm troopers, including Gerhard Schumann, Heinrich Anacker, or Heribert Menzel, have produced poetry of unusual beauty and mastery of form. *Das Lied der Getreuen*, composed by Austrian youths in commemoration of Austria's return to the Reich in 1938, is an outstanding example of the work of the young German school.

Of all the new movements in German literature, that of the drama is the least settled. However, its aim has already been well established for years; namely, to turn the theater from its professional isolation and aloofness back to its place in the life of the community. Not since medieval time has the theater actually played the role that it is now assuming under the new German drama. This "back-to-the-people" movement, as it might be called, had its modest beginning not long after the World War when amateur theatricals (*Laienspielbewegung*) first became quite popular.

The new movement embraced not only light operas and slapstick comedies, but also serious plays adaptable to amateur abilities. It also sought to decentralize the theater, to bring it closer to the villages and the open country. Today, one can see road shows moving in and out of small towns all over Germany. Numerous open-air stages have been built, and many special plays have been written for them. One of the most impressive of these plays is Eberhard Werner Möller's *Frankenburger Würfelspiel*, which was performed on the Dietrich Eckart Stage near Berlin during the Olympic Games of 1936. The play is cast in the period of the Counter-Reformation and champions the peasants who refused to forswear their re-

Are You

GOING TO THE N. Y. FAIR?

Write Now for-

BEAUTIFUL KEYED MAP in color, containing many facts and pictures of the Fair. Also shows most direct subway and auto routes to all points of interest at the World's Fair and throughout New York City.

For complete comfort and convenience make this centrally located hotel your headquarters. *All rooms with bath*

SINGLE from $2.50 DOUBLE from $3.50

HOTEL GREAT NORTHERN

118 WEST 57th ST. NEW YORK CITY

IF!

YOU PLAY PIANO OR VIOLIN—TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE TWO EXTRA-ORDINARY

MUSIC OFFERS!!

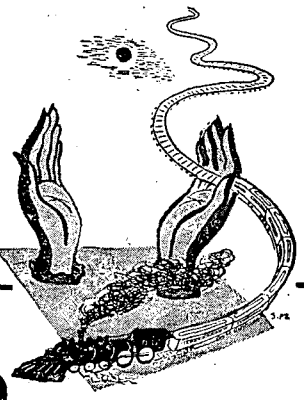
THE PIANIST'S MUSIC SHELF. The famous 8 volume library of the World's Great Music (for the piano) from Bach through Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Brahms, etc. to Tschaikowsky. 430 most important compositions of all time, practically the entire standard repertoire of piano music. More than 1,600 pages. Standard sheet music size, 9 x 12. Semi-stiff binding. Sheet music value is over $200.00. Published at $20.00. The 8 volume set **$7.49**

THE VIOLINIST'S MUSIC SHELF. The famous 8 volume library of the World's Great Music (for the violin) from Bach through Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Brahms, etc. to Tschaikowsky. Piano accompaniment included. 339 most important compositions of all time, practically the entire standard repertoire of violin music. More than 2,000 pages. Standard sheet music size, 9 x 12. Semi-stiff binding. Sheet music value is over $200.00. Published at $20.00. The 8 volume set **$7.49**

BARGAIN BOOK CO.

25 W. 45th St. New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DOUBLY HANDY

(1) direct passageway from Grand Central Terminal to Roosevelt lobby, and (2) midtown location in the center of New York's attractions.

Save time and be comfortable. Large, well-furnished, outside rooms—$4.00 up.

HOTEL ROOSEVELT

BERNAM G. HINES, Managing Director
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th ST., N. Y.

ONLY 20 MINUTES BY EXPRESS SUBWAY TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

$1.00 STARTS LIFE POLICY THAT PAYS UP TO $3,000

Policy Sent Free

An amazing new life insurance policy is now offered, without medical examination, to men, women and children from 10 to 74 years of age. This policy provides up to $1,500 for natural death and up to $3,000 for accidental death, as specified, based on age. Thousands throughout the country have taken advantage of this low cost plan. Sold by mail only. That is why you can buy so much life protection with an initial payment of only $1.00. Send no money. You may receive a policy for Free inspection and full particulars without obligation. Simply send name, address and age to the Guaranty Union Life Insurance Co., Dept. 170, Beverly Hills, California. Send today. No agent will call.—Adv.

ligious beliefs at the command of despotic rulers.

Equally as important for their political content as Möller's plays are those of Hanns Johst and Friedrich Bethge. Johst, in his *Thomas Paine* (1927), glorifies the propagandist of the American Revolution, while in *Schlageter* (1933), he portrays a German leader who dared to resist the French occupation of the Ruhr valley. Bethge, in his *Marsch der Veteranen* (1935), pleads the case of the war veteran against the unscrupulous politician.

Not all recent German plays are political or historical, and even in the avowedly political works, the main undercurrent is the timelessness of destiny. This latter perspective is the main thesis that runs through the works of perhaps the greatest of the younger German playwrights, Paul Ernst, whose untimely death occurred in 1933. The son of a miner, Ernst first tried avidly to embrace Marxism. However, he soon realized the shallowness of its theories, and embarked upon a philosophy of his own. His literary path led him to the National Socialist camp, and shortly before his death he was officially recognized as the leader of Germany's new literature. During his rich creative life, Ernst wrote, besides plays, numerous short stories and philosophical treatises of remarkable independence and lucidity. In fact, he is the undisputed master of the German short story. His novels and epic poetry are also outstanding.

Ernst's *Kaiserbuch* (1923-29) contains more than 100,000 verses. His *Heiland* (1930) narrates the story of Christ in an original epic form. Yet he is most interesting as a dramatist. Although at first he did not seem capable of grasping Friedrich Schiller's "dramatic guilt," his last plays parallel in universal fate-consciousness even the ancient Greek drama, which sees all human beings equally guilty before God. It is to the creation of plays of such a high ethical standard that German dramatists are devoting their best efforts.

Of course we cannot as yet ascertain how many of present-day Germany's literary products will become permanent pillars of European or world literature. Only time itself can give that verdict. However, is there a single serious student of literature who, familiar with the great German literary movements, can justly dispute that the Germany of poets and thinkers is once more vigorously alive?

HUGHES PRINTING CO.
EAST STROUDSBURG, PA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED